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THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE QUEEN's Speech was entirely directed to the special matter which has caused the early assembling of Parliament, and there can be no disadvantage to any one in the domestic legislation on which the Government proposes to embark being kept in the background until it can be really taken up. Parliament now meets for one purpose, and one purpose only—the consideration of the war with Afghanistan. It is necessary that Parliament should give its sanction to the employment of Indian revenue for the purposes of a foreign war, and it is expedient that if the conduct of the Government in declaring war is open to just blame, Parliament should express its condemnation, or should pronounce that the Government in what it has done is free from reproach. If the leaders of the Opposition honestly think that the war is an unjust war, they are not only perfectly at liberty, but are even bound, to say so and to try to prove it. No one could recognize this more fully than Lord BEACONSFIELD, who complained of the turn the debate on the Address had taken, not because it did raise this very grave question, but because it did not. Lord HARTINGTON, in common with Lord GRANVILLE, disclaimed any intention of trying to stint the supplies necessary for the prosecution of a war that has actually begun, and both he and Lord GRANVILLE paid a just and hearty tribute to the skill, gallantry, and success with which the movements of the troops have hitherto been conducted. As Lord HARTINGTON truly remarked, the kindest thing we can do for the AMEER, now war has begun, is to wage it as vigorously and to make it as short as possible. Lord HARTINGTON also very properly took the earliest possible opportunity of severing himself from those who have so little knowledge of the Constitution as to think that the Government of the day is not to declare war without first consulting Parliament. To support the army when once in the field, and to cast exclusively on the Government the responsibility of declaring war, are the obvious constitutional duties of the leader of the Opposition. It remains for him and his supporters, if they can honestly do so, to criticize the conduct of the Government. If a war has been the consequence of mismanaged negotiations, or the fruit of a deliberate purpose to get a war set on foot somehow, or if it is avowedly waged with objects which it would be dangerous to the country to achieve, it is perfectly constitutional and consistent with the highest patriotism for an Opposition to enforce its views by fair argument on Parliament and the country. An expression is reported to have fallen from Lord SALISBURY which does not seem very strictly connected with the context of his speech, and which, if it was really used, may have had reference to some passing phase of the debate. But, if taken in a literal and naked way, it would seem to imply that Lord SALISBURY considered that those who blame the Government may be properly described as the friends of the enemies of England. This is not a reproach which ought to be addressed to any one who merely says that in declaring war the Government has been wrong. All Parliamentary criticism of the origin of a war would be impossible if patriotism was supposed to require that silence should be preserved on the cardinal question at issue—whether the Power who by the declaration of war has been made an enemy ought to have been put in that position.

The Opposition decided not to join issue with the Ministry in proposing an amendment to the Address. There

were two reasons for this course which were sufficient to justify it. The Address is supposed to be drawn in as neutral terms as possible in order that controversial questions may be omitted from a document that has to be submitted to the Crown; and although Lord BEACONSFIELD said that he had himself once proposed an amendment to the Address in order to raise at the earliest moment an issue vital to the interests of the country, yet he acknowledged that this was not the usual, or perhaps the best, way of proceeding. In the next place, the inquiry into the conduct of the Ministry must involve constant reference to the contents of two voluminous collections of State papers which have only just been published, and members may properly and naturally wish to have a few more days to study them. These reasons were very good reasons for postponing the general discussion; but, if the discussion was to be postponed, it had much better have been postponed altogether. Instead of doing this, the leaders of the Opposition, and especially Lord GRANVILLE, did actually enter on the criticism on which they stated that they were not prepared to enter. An unhesitating opinion was expressed that the war was unjust and unnecessary, which is the very thing that the real discussion has to establish. Personal questions were freely raised; and the conduct of Lord SALISBURY, Lord CRANBROOK, and Lord LYTON was vehemently criticized. Although members were supposed not to have read the papers sufficiently to understand the complicated questions which the policy of the English Government towards Afghanistan in recent years necessarily raises, they were supposed to have read them enough to understand that Lord SALISBURY gave a misleading description of the situation in 1877, that Lord CRANBROOK has perverted the history of the negotiations which took place under the GLADSTONE Government, and that Lord LYTON has been a rash, vapouring enthusiast. These tactics lowered the Opposition without securing even a temporary advantage. There seemed to be something paltry in the attitude of a party which could neither challenge the Government nor refrain from challenging them. It made the discussion of a grave national question degenerate into a mere party skirmish, and it has shorn the main debate of a great part of its interest, without in any way fortifying the position of those who are prepared to make a real and serious attack.

This injudicious and ill-timed discussion had, however, its use in disclosing what are the two personal questions that are to be discussed, and what are the two general objections that will be offered to the policy of the Government. Lord SALISBURY is accused of having given an account of affairs in 1877 which, according to his own views and the information he then possessed, was calculated to mislead. What Lord SALISBURY says in reply is, that all his statements were in themselves literally accurate, and that he was obliged to make statements verbally, rather than fundamentally correct, because, if he had spoken otherwise, he would have precipitated the very crisis of open hostility on the part of the AMEER which he was trying to avert. It may be owned that, if questions in Parliament are to be answered in this way, they do not do much good. The informed is not put in possession of the information possessed by the informant; but some allowance must be made for the very difficult position of a Minister who has to answer an inconvenient question, because he would raise disquiet by refusing to answer it, and who yet would spoil his own work if he told all he knew. That Lord CRANBROOK intentionally perverted the

history of what took place in 1873 between the English Government, the VICEROY, and the AMEER is too preposterous a proposition to be even nominally maintained by any Parliamentary leader; but the Opposition contend that he accidentally used words which misled the public. Lord NORTHBROOK considers that he alone knew what really took place, and he now gives a minute account of what was said to and on behalf of the AMEER. If Lord CRANBROOK had had before him a document from Lord NORTHBROOK stating exactly all that he now discloses, he would in all probability have given a different turn to his phrases. But, looking at the documents he had in point of fact to consult, he gave what he still maintains to be a fair and impartial account of what he found recorded. The issue is therefore a very narrow one, and now that the public knows from Lord NORTHBROOK exactly what took place, there can be no danger that the policy of the GLADSTONE Government in regard to Afghanistan will be taken to be other than it really was. The objections to the war are subjects much more worthy of serious consideration. The first one urged is that the invasion of Afghanistan, even if all that is said of the advance and aggression of Russia is true, places us in a worse position both in a military and a political point of view. This is so much a matter of opinion, and experts are so much divided, that the mere fact that some one had to decide, and that the person responsible decided in favour of an invasion, will go far to determine the judgment of the country. It is very different with the other objection to the war, which is that the Government was determined to have a war in order to punish the AMEER, make him submissive for the future, and get from him so much of his territory as can be of use to us. Here the Government shows itself sufficiently sensitive to what is a grave impeachment on its honour and good faith. The leaders in both Houses indignantly repudiated the notion of such a policy being properly attributable to them; and they quite acknowledged that, if the charge could be sustained, they would deserve the censure of Parliament.

CENTRAL ASIA.

THE correspondence on Central Asia furnishes the true explanation of the Afghan war. It was to counteract or to watch the intrigues of Russia that Lord LYTTON, under Lord SALISBURY's instructions, provoked a collision with the AMEER by insisting on the admission of English agents into his dominions. Lord NORTHBROOK and his Council, when they dissented from the opinion of the home Government, were still under the impression which had prevailed at the time of the Simla Conference. The reliance which had been placed, both in India and in England, on the repeated assurances of Prince GORTCHAKOFF probably excited the contemptuous ridicule of Russian diplomatists. The credulity which may be imputed to Lord NORTHBROOK had previously been felt by Lord MAYO; and indeed both Viceroys may be thought to have erred on the side of excessive confidence and courtesy in encouraging General KAUFMANN's first experiments of correspondence with Cabul. The suspicions of the AMEER himself were not unreasonably roused by the receipt of a letter of compliment from the Russian Governor-General. Lord MAYO, and afterwards Lord NORTHBROOK, assured him that the letter covered no questionable designs, and advised that it should be acknowledged with due friendliness of style. On this occasion, as after the Simla Conference, SHERE ALI indulged in some of the epigrammatic sarcasms which prove that in literary skill he was more than a match for his English correspondents. Nevertheless, he complied with their advice, and from that time to the present the exchange of letters with General KAUFMANN has never been interrupted. The Russian Government had solemnly promised not to interfere in Afghan affairs; but the frequent despatch of letters, the gradual appointment of agents to deliver the letters, and the final establishment of a Russian Mission at Cabul are, it seems, not to be regarded as acts of interference. When Lord AUGUSTUS LOFTUS remonstrated, he was informed that General KAUFMANN had only complied with Oriental custom in formally announcing to the ruler of an adjacent State his return after an interval of absence to his seat of government. The English AMBASSADOR ventured to suggest that Afghanistan was not an adjacent State, because it was separated from the Russian possessions by the nominally independent country of

Bokhara; but a Russian Minister could not be expected to notice a distance of a few hundred miles, and perhaps he forgot that Bokhara had not been ostensibly annexed to the Empire. Both parties were of course fully aware that the statement of the character of General KAUFMANN's letters was directly opposed to the truth.

Since the arrival of the Russian Mission at Cabul, the Russian explanations have assumed a form which was at one time comparatively plausible. The measure is defended as a legitimate precaution taken at a time when a rupture with England might occur at any moment. It is doubtful whether the Envoy was not in fact despatched from Tashkend after the Treaty of Berlin had been signed; but it is more material to take note of the admission that the establishment of diplomatic relations at Cabul was in its intention, as in its nature, a hostile act. It follows that the continuance of the mission is a violation of agreements which have never been revoked, although they were at one time likely to become inoperative through existence of a state of war. It has been found impossible to obtain redress for a gross violation of good faith. The effects of the mission are perceptible in the open hostility to England which was displayed by the AMEER even before his refusal to allow an English Envoy to enter his dominions. There is reason to believe that he has consulted his Russian friends on the expediency of proclaiming a *jehad* or holy war against the English infidels. The ecclesiastical zealots who applauded the Russian crusade against Islam in Europe may perhaps find some excuse for sympathizing with what has sometimes been called a crescentade against Protestant Christianity. That Russian statesmen are not troubled by minute religious distinctions is proved by the inscription on the sword presented by General KAUFMANN to SHERE ALI, to the effect that it was destined to be employed against the infidel.

The apologists of Russia will not be able to contend that the promise to abstain from interference with Afghanistan is obsolete. As late as 1876 Prince GORTCHAKOFF instructed the AMBASSADOR to assure the English Cabinet that his Government "adhered entirely to the arrangement as to the 'limits of Afghanistan, which was to remain outside the 'sphere of action of Russia.'" The explanations which have lately been given are so flagrantly inconsistent with notorious facts that they must be considered rather ironical than insincere. The Russian newspapers, which are always directed, positively or negatively, by the Government, have long after the conclusion of the Treaty of Berlin openly announced the purpose of reducing Afghanistan to the condition of the Central Asian Khanates. The *Golos* in August last professed to feel curiosity "whether the 'English will calmly await the nearer approach of the 'Russian columns, or whether they will oppose Russia's 'attack on Afghanistan." As late as last September, the Russian Foreign Minister declared to the English Chargé d'Affaires that the mission of General ABRAMOFF was of a provisional and purely courteous character. In June last the Indian Government ascertained that the Russian Envoy at Cabul had proposed on behalf of his Government to the AMEER that large detachments of Russian troops should occupy positions in Afghanistan, that the Russians should be allowed to construct a road from Samarcand to Cabul, that the Afghan Government should allow the passage of Russian troops proceeding to India, and that it should furnish the invading army with provisions and other supplies at reasonable prices. It is not known whether SHERE ALI has yet sacrificed to Russia the independence which he has so jealously guarded against the imaginary designs of England. It is enough to point out the hostile character of the Cabul Mission, and the utter worthlessness of the official statements by which the significance of an aggressive policy is thinly disguised. General KAUFMANN, who seems to be, like SHERE ALI, occasionally a humourist, improves on the style of Russian diplomacy by protesting that he is personally incapable of disguise or intrigue.

An effort is required to turn from grave dangers and Imperial interests to the selfish or angry passions which find vent in public clamour. On Saturday last Mr. GLADSTONE elicited the applause of a sympathetic audience and the subsequent eulogies of admiring adherents by the ingenious fiction of representing the present Ministers as the most serviceable friends of Russia. The argument showed all Mr. GLADSTONE's dialectic skill, though it was founded on the fallacy that all the successes of the

Turkish campaign were to be attributed to the opponents of Russian aggression. Mr. GLADSTONE would, as he perhaps erroneously believes, have adopted the opposite course of making common cause with Russia in applying moral and material pressure to the Porte. Although the object of England, under even Mr. GLADSTONE's guidance, would have been to preserve the territorial integrity of Turkey, he holds that it would have been practicable and prudent to combine naval and military operations with a Power which has systematically pursued and partially attained the object of destroying the Turkish Empire. It is extremely probable that Mr. GLADSTONE's Government would have attempted nothing of the kind; nor is it certain that Russian co-operation would have been secured. If any meaning is to be attached to Mr. GLADSTONE's Woolwich speech, his policy would have been detrimental to Russia; nor can it be doubted that the astute statesmen who direct the Imperial councils would have discerned, and to the best of their power counteracted, Mr. GLADSTONE's adverse designs. The Central Asian correspondence furnishes a more conclusive refutation of his argument. It is now known that, in spite of the most formal undertakings repeated again and again, Russian officers have for several years intrigued with Afghanistan for the purpose of undermining the English influence which their Government had promised to respect. It is idle to pretend that Russia would have acted cordially with England in Europe for the purpose of affording disinterested protection to the Christian subjects of Turkey. The recovery of Bessarabia, the acquisition of Kars and Batoum, the conversion of Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro into Russian dependencies, were the results of the war, as they would have been the objects of negotiation. While the English fleet was preventing the Turks from disturbing the Russian communications with Bulgaria, General KAUFMANN would have continued his purely complimentary correspondence with the Ameer of CABUL. The publication of the Central Asian papers will render inexcusable any attempt to continue in Parliament the idle controversy whether the Afghan war is consistent with the rules of international jurisprudence. A potentate who meditates the proclamation of a religious war cannot complain that he is subjected to hostilities which are entirely secular and political.

THE STATE OF PARTIES.

THE impending debates on war and foreign policy will probably be unusually violent. The discourteous injustice of the attacks which have been made on Lord CRANBROOK by opponents of high political rank proves that party passion has been excited to a higher degree than at any former time within the memory of the present generation. Unprejudiced writers will find that Lord CRANBROOK's account of the disputed transaction is much more nearly accurate than the version of the Duke of ARGYLL and Mr. CHILDERES; and his interpretation receives a singular confirmation from a letter written after the Simla Conference by SHERE ALI. It may be confidently asserted that none of the disputants wished to misrepresent in their several glosses a text which is open to all the world. Imputations of bad faith, where deceit was obviously impossible, can only be excused or explained by the temporary madness of anger. There is too much reason to expect that the same excitement will affect the tone and temper of Parliamentary discussions. The two leaders of the conflicting parties have, among their other qualities, the fault or defect of habitually provoking personal animosity. Lord BEACONSFIELD has, in anonymous biographies and elsewhere, been attacked with poisoned weapons, and Mr. GLADSTONE's name is seldom calmly mentioned by those who dissent from his opinions. The issues on which parties are now divided seem to be the more irritating because they have no connexion with their respective principles. There is no reason why Conservatives should be especially jealous of Russian aggrandizement, or why Liberals should prefer one system of Indian frontier policy to another. It is not improbable that the position of parties would have been reversed if Mr. GLADSTONE had obtained a majority at the last election. The former Russian war and the former Afghan war were undertaken by Liberal Governments, and Mr. GLADSTONE's immediate predecessor in the lead of the Liberal party pursued through his whole career the policy which is now reprobated by his successors. The hostility which divides

the principal members of the two parties is so far justified that questions of war and peace and international relations are much more important than the subject-matter of ordinary domestic conflicts; but a pugnacious state of mind is not conducive to impartial judgment.

At the time of the Reform Bill, and for some years afterwards, politicians were in the habit of regarding their opponents almost as personal enemies; and after an interval of comparative moderation the hostility of parties was in some degree renewed during the Corn-law controversy. For nearly thirty years from the resignation of Sir ROBERT PEEL the bitterness of party conflicts subsided; nor was the truce disturbed by the Crimean war. During Lord PALMERSTON's long administration political acrimony seemed to have disappeared. Although Mr. DISRAELI indulged in occasional sarcasms, he made no attempt to disturb the security of the Government, and Mr. BRIGHT declared that Mr. DISRAELI towered by the head and shoulders above the other members of the party. The uneasiness which was produced during Mr. GLADSTONE's administration by his restless activity was not confined to the Opposition. Many of his own followers tacitly welcomed the accession to office of a Government which might be expected to let the institutions and habits of the country alone. It was impossible to foresee in 1874 the difficulties which would devolve on the Ministry, and the opportunities which would consequently accrue to the Opposition. The Bulgarian massacre, if not exactly a godsend, was an unexpected advantage to Lord BEACONSFIELD's adversaries. The course of subsequent events has alternately favoured either of the contending parties; but until the present autumn the balance of good fortune has perhaps inclined to the side of the Government. The Treaty of San Stefano alienated many friends from the alleged supporters of Russia, and the Treaty of Berlin, with all its defects, and notwithstanding various untoward circumstances, on the whole conduced to the popularity of the Plenipotentiaries and of the Government. The Afghan war has furnished a new ground of attack, on which the Opposition, divided on the Turkish question, will perhaps find itself reunited. It is extremely unlikely that new facts or arguments will be adduced in the debates; but plausible reasons may be urged and high authority may be cited against the policy of the Government. The reasons adduced on the other side, and the judgment of equally competent persons that the war is just and necessary, will be lightly passed over by the Opposition.

An animated and probably bitter debate, by furnishing occasions for the display of eloquence, gives an advantage to the party which includes in its ranks the best speakers; and, when orators are equally matched, attack is easier than defence. The Duke of ARGYLL is probably the most eloquent speaker in the House of Lords, and several of his former colleagues will render him effective aid, while Lord LAWRENCE and Lord NORTHCROFT will give him independent support; but Lord BEACONSFIELD, Lord SALISBURY, and Lord CRANBROOK are fully capable of defending their own acts. In the House of Commons Mr. GLADSTONE, having neither equal nor second, may be expected to rival or surpass his own former feats of copious illustration and impetuous argument. If he were to make any omission in his invective, it would be abundantly supplied by Mr. LOWE, Mr. CHILDERES, Sir W. HARROD, Lord HARTINGTON, and many other leaders of the Opposition. The only members of the Cabinet who may be expected to take a prominent part in the debate are Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, Mr. CROSS, and perhaps Colonel STANLEY. Two subordinate members of the Government, the late and present Under-Secretaries for India, are well acquainted with all the transactions, and are among the best speakers of the party; but neither Lord GEORGE HAMILTON nor Mr. STANHOPE possesses the authority of a responsible Minister. The superiority of declamation will be all on one side; but perhaps the Ministers may nevertheless convince the House that there is something to be said for a policy which would by anticipation have commanded universal assent if the arrival of a Russian Mission at Cabul could have been foreseen a few years ago. The timidity of successive Cabinets has imposed on the present Government the duty of providing a costly and hazardous remedy for the consequences of weak vacillation.

In default of Irish attempts at obstruction, no domestic question will be raised during the December Session; nor indeed is the present Parliament during its short remaining term likely to engage in serious legislation. The

attention of the Government will be concentrated on the affairs of India and Eastern Europe; nor, even if the Ministers were at leisure to propose useful measures, would the House of Commons be in a mood to take them into serious consideration. It is an unavoidable result of the limited duration of Parliaments that they become inefficient towards their close. In a Session which is or may be the last, speeches are addressed rather to the constituencies than to the House. Ministers can make no promise with confidence, because they are uncertain as to their tenure of office; and the leaders of the Opposition are aware that they may soon succeed to power. It is probable that the majority which has adhered with remarkable fidelity to the present Government will continue its support till it is dissolved with doubtful prospects of revival at the next general election. In the improbable contingency of a Ministerial defeat, a dissolution would immediately follow, and few members are anxious to accelerate the unpleasant event. The leaders of the Opposition are probably not in a hurry to accept the responsibility of dealing with a difficult and dangerous crisis. The internal divisions of their party have in some degree been removed, and perhaps the whole body may concur in censuring the present Government; but the policy which has been indicated by the Liberal leaders would be resented by many of their adherents if it were practically adopted. One peculiar and almost unprecedented embarrassment awaits the construction of a Liberal Ministry. Mr. GLADSTONE must be either Prime Minister, or take a seat in the Cabinet without office, or, as last alternative, he may promise an independent support to the Government. He might perhaps induce hesitating and anxious colleagues once more to trust their political fortunes to the conduct of a brilliant, wayward, and passionate partisan. As Privy Seal or as a Minister without office, he would be a constant and troublesome competitor for power with the nominal Prime Minister. Finally, it would be almost impossible for a Cabinet to subsist while the most powerful and most popular leader of the party exercised a constant and perhaps an unfriendly control over its policy. Lord GREY would have declined to undertake the formation of a Government in 1830 if BROUHAM had persisted in his professed intention of retaining the virtual lead of the House of Commons without submitting to the restraints of office. Mr. GLADSTONE would be at least as dangerous a patron and ally as BROUHAM, being not less eloquent, and possessing a stronger hold on the mass of the party. For the present a change of Government is improbable; and if it occurs after the next general election, many things may have changed in the interval.

UNLIMITED BANKS.

THE announcement that the Caledonian Bank is obliged to go into liquidation because, by a most unhappy accident or error, it held stock to the amount of 400*l.* in the City of Glasgow Bank, awakens at once great pity for the Caledonian shareholders and a fresh sense of the danger of holding shares in banks with unlimited liability. The Caledonian Bank was founded exactly forty years ago; and its principal sphere of operations, and the centre of its management, is in Inverness-shire. Not any of the many reproaches that can be laid at the doors of the shareholders and Directors of the City of Glasgow Bank can be urged against the Caledonian. Its capital was not large, but it remains intact. So far as is known, it has sound assets to meet legitimate liabilities. Its note circulation has been kept within proper limits; its Directors are not canting adventurers, but gentlemen of position and fortune. The institution has lately paid its shareholders dividends at the rate of 14 per cent., and has, to all appearance, fairly earned them. Yet this solid honest fabric, reared with patience and skill, maintained with prudence and probity, has been shattered in a day, because some one connected with the management chose to put the bank on the list of the shareholders of the Glasgow Bank for a very trifling sum. Probably either a customer wanting to borrow offered the shares as security, or, wanting to sell, got the Caledonian to act for him. Whoever made the mistake made it by departing from the general rules adopted by banks in such cases. The ordinary course would have been to have taken from the customer his certificate and a

blank transfer; and then the Bank, while receiving the proceeds of the shares, if sold, would never have gone on the register at all. So far it may be said that the person or persons who put the Bank on the register were specially to blame. But he or they evidently put the Bank on the register because they did not think they were exposing it to any risk whatever. The shares of an unlimited bank have in this, as in so many other instances, been treated as if they were like fully paid-up stock in a dividend-paying railway. The Caledonian Bank took City of Glasgow shares just as if they were taking Caledonian Railway stock. Perhaps it was even thought that a closer parallel would have been Caledonian Preference Stock. The shares of an unlimited bank were generally, until two months ago, regarded as a specially safe, modest, and prudent investment, giving at market prices a little under four per cent. interest, but giving it regularly and without any trouble or risk to any one.

Banks which have been long established become so familiar to the public, their operations seem to be conducted with so much regularity, and their profits seem so continuous and so nearly equal from year to year, that investors take no heed of what the nature of banking as a business really is. Among businesses, banking is necessarily a risky business. There is, in the first place, the risk of fraud. There is indeed a risk of fraud in all kinds of business; but in banking there are peculiar risks of fraud. Very large sums of money can be signed away by the collusion of a very few people; and if the bank has branches, it is always liable to be committed by the folly or roguery of some ill-paid, scheming official in a remote corner of the country. In the next place, it is the business of a bank to take the money of some people and lend it to other people. There is no possible way in which a bank can be conducted so that, if there is a run on it, the money can be got in from the borrowers as fast as it can be called in by the lenders. Every bank must close its doors if there is a persistent run on it, unless other banks come to its help. Lastly, a bank is, of all institutions, the most sensitive to rumours. It cannot stand even whispers being breathed as to its complete solvency. The consequence is that Directors and managers always do their utmost to keep up the dividends, not merely to please the shareholders, but also because, if it was known that the dividends were falling off, the public might think that things were not quite right, and depositors might ask for their money. Taking all these risks into consideration, an investor, quite apart from attention to ulterior liability, ought to compare a bank with a business free from these special risks. He might take, for instance, the North-Western Railway. If he invested in that, he could now get about 4½ per cent. for his money. If he prefers a bank, he ought to be rewarded for his extra risk, and 1½ per cent. does not seem too much additional interest for him to receive on this head. If he has no further liability, or only one that he is well able to bear, a man may consider himself to be acting prudently in buying the shares of a thoroughly well-established, well-managed bank to pay him six per cent. But, if the bank in which he invests is unlimited, he incurs an extra risk of the most frightful kind. Because he selects this particular investment for a modest sum, he may any day wake and find himself literally a beggar. The risk is in one way small, for very few unlimited banks break; but some do break every now and then, and the risk may be measured not only by the frequency of the occurrence of calamity but by the enormity of its consequences. It seems an exceedingly modest computation of the pecuniary equivalent of this risk to put it down as represented by an additional one per cent. Unless, therefore, an investor can buy shares in an unlimited bank to pay him at least seven per cent., he is making a bad bargain. It must be owned that this has not hitherto been the view taken by the public. But it is much to be regretted for the sake of many poor sufferers that it has not been. If the shares of unlimited banks paid investors seven per cent., it would be obvious on the face of the investment that it involved risk. Those who wished to provide for wives and children, trustees, or poor men hoarding savings, would have been on their guard. They would have known they were choosing to go into a business necessarily attended with permanent risks, and with one awful and overpowering risk if things came to the worst.

An article in the *Fortnightly Review*, which contains a very useful summary of the history of the Glasgow Bank,

suggests that a Royal Commission should be issued preparatory to legislation, and that at as early a period as possible Parliament should pass measures to put banking on a proper footing. One of the suggestions made is, that banks should adopt the principle of limited liability. They can do so if they please without any fresh legislation. Two other suggestions have nothing much to do with the failure of the Glasgow Bank, although they may deserve consideration in connexion with the general subject of banking. One is, that all banks in the United Kingdom should be allowed to issue as many notes as they please, provided the issue is specially secured. Whether the whole policy of Sir ROBERT PEEL's Act shall be discarded is a very large question, and we may be sure that a moribund Parliament and a perplexed CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will not entertain it. The other is that bankers' deposits in the Bank of England should be kept apart from other deposits, and be represented by actual coin and notes to the full amount, the Bank making a charge to the depositors for the trouble and risk of safe custody. That the reserves of the Bank are often insufficient is generally acknowledged; but it is obvious that, if all banks could issue notes, and the Bank of England could make nothing more out of the bankers' deposits than a small charge for safe custody, its whole position would be completely changed, and it could no longer offer to the State and the public such benefits as it now ensures. It cannot be said that it is one of the lessons of the failure of the Glasgow Bank that the whole relations of the Bank of England to the country should be changed. Lastly, the writer in the *Fortnightly* makes the suggestion which has often been made before, that the accounts of banks should be audited by Government officials, and that constant returns of the position of all banks, public and private, should be made. There is no doubt that some system could be contrived which would render such frauds as those committed by the officials of the Glasgow Bank and by T' KINDE at Brussels impossible, and as a matter of fact in many good banks such a system exists already. Independent auditors thoroughly up to their work can prevent falsification of assets and liabilities, manipulation of securities, and possibly payment of dividends when there are no profits. They can put no check on bad banking, if by that is meant lending money to insolvent borrowers, but they can stop downright fraud. The question is how such a control is to be obtained. The mere existence of auditors is not necessarily a check. They are appointed by shareholders, but shareholders cannot combine to appoint proper auditors, and sometimes nothing is easier in a tottering business than for Directors, or for an adroit manager, to get facile friends appointed by the shareholders as auditors. The only use of Government intervention would be to help the shareholders by forcing proper auditors on them. If proper auditors cannot be secured in any other way, the intervention of Government would be desirable; but this intervention ought only to be used in the last resort, and it would be better if the banks themselves, by combining together, could work out a really effective and trustworthy system of independent audit.

MR. GLADSTONE ON CLUB GOVERNMENT.

MR. GLADSTONE virtually admits in his speech at Greenwich that he has been too hasty in giving his unqualified sanction to the Birmingham machinery of elections. The modification of his opinions may be attributed, not to any relaxation of party zeal, but to the miscarriage of the local intriguers who mimicked the Birmingham contrivance at Peterborough. It is also possible that the injudicious display of factious and personal spite at Bradford may have reminded him that even his own allies and colleagues may perhaps, through the operation of the new system, become victims of local jealousy and intolerance. Mr. GLADSTONE accordingly recommends the election managers and their clubs not to insist on the test which Mr. ILLINGWORTH tendered for the acceptance of Mr. FORSTER. That the general tendency of the organization is to interfere with personal independence would not perhaps have been thought objectionable if a Liberal leader had not been one of the first victims of the new form of Club government. It may be remembered that during his visit to Birming-

ham Mr. GLADSTONE approved, without restriction, of the whole of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's complicated and effective organization. The exceptions which he is now inclined to make are only suggested by the excesses or mistakes committed by some of the affiliated clubs. He still holds that it is constitutional to choose candidates by a majority of the party, as members are chosen by the majority of the constituency; nor does he think it necessary to remember that the new mode of election may in many instances counteract the old. If the whole body of Liberals, in accordance with the American practice, votes for the nominee of the majority of the party, it may often happen that the member will be elected against the wish or opinion of more than half the constituency. No reasonable objection can be taken to Mr. GLADSTONE's solicitude for the avoidance of division within the party, though the details of faction might be more fitly left to the care of humbler partisans. The accuracy of some of his statistics might perhaps be questioned; but probably at the last election the Conservatives managed their election business better than the Liberals. The Birmingham system was created with more ambitious objects, which have unfortunately been attained.

As a supporter of universal suffrage Mr. GLADSTONE perhaps willingly connives at the ingenious device by which it has been established in Birmingham without the sanction of Parliament. He overlooked for the purpose of his Greenwich speech one of the most striking peculiarities of the system, when he assumed that the main object of the Association was to secure to the Liberal electors the full Parliamentary strength to which they are entitled by their numbers. The nominee of the club managers is selected by the Committee; but he owes the preference neither directly nor indirectly to the majority of Liberal electors. Every male adult who thinks fit to call himself a Liberal is admitted to the primary assemblies and takes part in the election of the Committee of Six Hundred. The house-holders, in whom the right of electing members is vested by law for the present, accept at Birmingham the nomination of the Committee. In other boroughs the opinions of the electors and the general populace may perhaps not be equally harmonious. The Peterborough Hundred or Two Hundred had probably been elected by the rabble of the town against the wish of the comparatively responsible householders. Some such state of things would explain the rejection by an overwhelming majority of the nominee of the professional managers. Mr. GLADSTONE suggests another possible explanation of the failure, by conjecturing that the local Committee was chosen by a mere fraction of the Liberal party. In default of local knowledge it is impossible, as it is not urgently necessary, to account for a highly satisfactory result. It would seem that a powerful and popular family may still, in spite of household suffrage and secret voting, retain much of its ancient influence in a borough. The busybodies who manipulate the local club are less likely to appreciate hereditary and social claims.

Mr. GLADSTONE is generally inclined to exaggerate rather than to disguise his political partisanship. It is for this reason perhaps that he holds the Birmingham organization to be sufficiently justified by its effect in adding strength to the Liberal party. Of its other objects and results, and of its ulterior tendency, he has apparently nothing to say. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and other leading members of the governing body cannot be accused of shrinking from the most candid avowal of their designs. They are not contented with returning three members for the borough, notwithstanding the special protection which has been given to the minority. The Liberal party is entitled to the benefit of a preponderance of numbers which it scarcely enjoys in any other large town. Unfortunately it has also established a monopoly of municipal and local office. A Liberal School Board controlled by the same club which manages the Parliamentary elections delights to shock the feelings and override the convictions of its opponents by excluding religious teaching from the schools. It is not known that any other School Board in England has adopted the same rule. In this department the system of voting provided by the Education Act of 1870 has enabled the advocates of religious education to return a few members to the Board; but on all divisions the Liberal majority votes unanimously on political grounds, having been appointed by the Council of Six Hundred for the express purpose of promoting secular education. The Municipal Corporation is returned under the same influence; nor

is any elected body in Birmingham chosen on any other than political grounds. There can be little doubt that the Conservatives include in their body a large proportion of the wealth and education of the town; but they are as wholly excluded from a share in the local government as were the Irish Catholics during the existence of the Penal laws. They pay a large share of the rates, and they are ousted from all control over the expenditure by a body which is not even elected by any section of ratepayers. If Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his friends succeed in their efforts, every large town in England will impose on its municipal representative the same political test. The characteristic intolerance of faction has never before been carried to a similar extreme. It is certain that, if the scheme becomes permanent, in England, as in the United States, venality will hereafter take the place of party violence. The whole patronage of all the public bodies in a large town will form an ample reservoir of corruption.

Government by clubs is a more imminent danger than an alleged constitutional innovation of which Mr. GLADSTONE complained in the morning of the day on which he spoke at Greenwich. His eager acceptance of every phrase which expresses and excites party feeling is exemplified in his concurrence in the clamour against what is called personal government. As a past, and perhaps future, Minister, Mr. GLADSTONE is compelled to disclaim the only meaning which was attached to the phrase by those who invented it. The author of the Manchester pamphlet on the Crown and the Cabinet may claim the credit of having been the first to divert the hostility of extreme Liberals from the Ministers to the QUEEN. He took the text and the occasion of his discourse, not from Lord BEACONSFIELD's speeches, but from Mr. MARTIN's *Life of the Prince Consort*. The grievance of which he complained was that the QUEEN personally interfered with public business, and especially with foreign affairs. The words "personal government" can bear no other meaning, although it is true that a Minister, like any other human being, is a person; for it would be difficult to contend that a Minister should not take part in politics. The Manchester writer succeeded in producing a certain clamour; and Mr. GLADSTONE cannot dispense with the aid of any kind of agitation which may promote the interests of his party. He is careful to protest that, in denouncing personal government, he says nothing against the QUEEN, whose strict adherence to constitutional doctrine and practice he had observed and recognized during his long official life. For what may have happened in the last four or five years he cautiously declines to vouch. Mr. GLADSTONE was a Minister when, according to the Manchester pamphleteer, the QUEEN usurped personal authority during the Crimean war. He therefore differs from the author of the charge, which he nevertheless adopts, though he professedly directs it not against the QUEEN, but against Lord BEACONSFIELD. It may or may not be prudent for a Ministry to conclude treaties without the previous sanction of Parliament. It is necessary to keep complicated negotiations secret; and, on the other hand, it is right that Parliament should be consulted before the country is pledged to a new line of policy. The convention with Turkey, if it was in itself expedient, was rightly concluded without the knowledge of Parliament, because publicity would have been fatal to the arrangement. With personal government no measure of the kind has any connexion. Mr. GLADSTONE expressly admits the notorious fact that the House of Commons to the end of the Session sanctioned everything that the Government had done. It may be added that on foreign questions the regular Ministerial majority was nearly doubled. On the Afghan war Parliament had still to pronounce an opinion. If the decision is adverse, the Ministers must resign; but it was their duty to undertake the responsibility of the war, if they deemed it just and necessary. The personal government which is to be feared will not be exercised by the Crown, but by skilful politicians who will pack elections with the result of making the public good subordinate to the interests of a party.

THE METROPOLITAN BOARD AND LONDON FLOODS.

THE Metropolitan Board of Works have evidently not mastered the proverb that you cannot have too much of a good thing. Had they done so, they would not have con-

descended to the half measures which they are about to take with regard to London floods. Consistency would have led them to declare that anything so excellent as Thames water can never be really in excess. Its purity, they would have said, makes its waves a blessing as they flow, even though they occasionally force the inhabitants of a few low-lying streets to camp out for a week or two in a neighbouring church or schoolroom. The Board cannot plead that they have not had an opportunity for taking this manly and straightforward course. Last Session, no doubt, they committed themselves to a method of protecting South London against floods which may be best described as the vicarious method. The parishes threatened with inundation were ordered to do the work at their own cost. But the rejection of this Bill left the Board in possession of a clear field. There was nothing to prevent them from saying that, at the time when they introduced that Bill, they had not the knowledge which their recent voyages have given them of the manifold virtues of Thames water; and that, now that they have this knowledge, they would as soon think of stopping the rise of the Nile as of further banking out a stream which has the wonderful power of deodorizing every foul thing it touches.

When once the Metropolitan Board had decided to bring in another Bill, there seemed to be no question as to what the form of it should be. There was a really remarkable agreement of opinion against the measure of last Session. Outside the Metropolitan Board it had no friends. The House of Commons did not like it; the SECRETARY OF STATE did not like it; the districts which it was professedly designed to benefit did not like it; in short, no body liked it except the agents and counsel who got fees for supporting it, and even they would have liked it equally well in another form. It was universally felt that the Metropolitan Board had no more business to charge the districts bordering on the South bank of the Thames with the cost of keeping out inundation than they would have had to charge the districts bordering on the north bank of the Thames with the cost of building the Embankment. The proposal, if those who made it meant to be consistent, would upset the whole theory of municipal expenditure. The Metropolitan Board would be no longer a municipal body to which is entrusted the function of levying and laying out money for the execution of metropolitan improvements. It would become a nondescript creation invested with no duties of its own, and existing only to prescribe duties to other people. When, therefore, the Bill of last year had been decisively rejected, it was naturally supposed that we had seen the last of it. No one dreams that any measure of the sort has a chance of passing, and experience of the Metropolitan Board had not yet become so prophetic as to suggest that the attempt would be repeated, although its failure was a matter of certainty. A hard and cynical world little knows the depth of devotion which a mother can feel for a rickety and ill-favoured child. The Metropolitan Board does but love the Bill all the better because no one, save its parent, has a good word for it. Ugly and misshapen as it is, it is still its own, and as such the Board is determined to stand by it. Yesterday week the Committee to which the question had been referred, reported that after careful deliberation they had arrived at the conclusion that a Bill framed upon similar principles to that of last Session should be introduced as a private Bill. The spokesman of the Committee did not pretend that the Bill could be passed in the shape in which it was proposed to bring it in. The wishes of the great majority of the House of Commons point, he admitted, in a quite opposite direction. But, if the Board introduced a Bill of one kind, it would be in the power of a Select Committee of the House of Commons to turn it into a Bill of a quite different kind, and so give effect to the wishes of the majority in question. In plain English, the Metropolitan Board is angry because a bad Bill met the fate it deserved, and the only way that occurs to it of showing its anger is to give the House of Commons trouble. It perfectly well understands the nature of the provisions which the House will insist on inserting into any Bill dealing with London floods, but it thinks that by introducing the Bill in the first instance without these provisions it can ensure, not their omission, but their insertion at the greatest attainable inconvenience to the majority which wishes their

insertion. It is fair to say that all the members of the Board did not take this preposterous view of their functions. Mr. FOWLER pointed out that a Bill which had been twice rejected by the House of Commons, which the SECRETARY OF STATE was compelled to give up as unworkable, and which had the additional demerit of being founded on a wrong principle, was not a proper Bill for the Metropolitan Board to bring in again. Mr. FOWLER's conclusion is irresistible. The object of bringing private Bills is not to punish the House of Commons by taking up time which can ill be spared; and if the Board is convinced, as it apparently is, that any Bill which becomes law will be a completely different Bill from that which was shipwrecked last Session, it is bound not to gratify its irritation at the expense of Parliament.

The majority of the Board prefers to explain the ill-fortune of the Bill in a different way. It is not the contents of the Bill that have brought it into discredit, but the shameless opposition which it has encountered at the hands of Sir CHARLES DILKE. This reckless and unprincipled politician opposed the Bill from the first. "He opposed 'its introduction, he opposed its being considered, and he 'opposed its going to a second reading. In that way"—and from no faults of its own—"it was prevented from 'being considered by Parliament." Sir CHARLES DILKE may be congratulated on the prominent position he holds as the leader of a factious majority. This circumstance gives quite a new interest to his proceedings. Any one can be factious while he is in a minority, but it requires unusual love of factiousness to show it when numbers are on your side, and there is nothing to be done but to give effect to their wishes. As to the SECRETARY OF STATE thinking the Bill unsatisfactory, there is no reason, it seems, for attributing to him any such opinion. It is true he did write a letter saying that he did not see how the Bill of last Session could be satisfactory. But then, when the Board wrote to ask what parts of the Bill he thought unsatisfactory, no answer could be got from him. Evidently, if the Board were told by a Minister that a silk purse could not be made from a sow's ear, it would write back to inquire what part of the sow's ear the Minister thought specially unfit for conversion into a silk purse. When a man whose time is of value has expressed his dissent from the whole scope and principle of a measure, he is seldom disposed to point out the particular portions of it which he thinks objectionable. It is all objectionable.

This time, however, the Board expects to be too much for Sir CHARLES DILKE. The Bill is to be introduced as a private Bill, and it is thought that even Sir CHARLES DILKE will be unable to prevent a private Bill promoted by the Metropolitan Board from being read a second time and being referred to a Select Committee. It may be hoped that, in this particular, the Board has reckoned without its host. As a general rule, no doubt, it would be highly inexpedient not to give a Bill coming from such a quarter that minute consideration which it can only receive in a Select Committee. But, in the present instance, there are ample reasons for suspending the general rule. The Bill will be introduced with the avowed design of throwing the burden of drafting it on the House of Commons. Its authors know that, as drafted by them, it cannot pass; but they choose to draft it in an impracticable shape in order to mark their displeasure at the presumption of Parliament in thinking itself wiser than the Metropolitan Board. The proper answer to this challenge will be to reject the Bill at the very earliest stage possible. Since the Board does not choose to put the Bill into the form in which alone it can be accepted by Parliament, let Parliament say plainly and promptly that it will not consider it in any other form. The only objection to this proceeding is one which the Government can easily meet. A simple rejection of the Bill would be all that the Metropolitan Board could desire, because it would still leave the Board free from any obligation to protect South London from inundation. But, if the Government themselves prepare a Bill, making it the duty of the Board to execute and pay for the necessary works, or if they give their support to such a Bill when introduced by a private member, the Board will be forced to execute and pay for the necessary works, and be made to feel that it has been snubbed by the House of Commons. This is a discipline of which its impudent desire to do the snubbing itself shows that it stands greatly in need.

MR. BAGEHOT ON CONSERVATIVE PROSPECTS.

IT is impossible to read the December number of the *Fortnightly Review* without a fresh sense of political and literary loss. It contains an article on the Chances of Conservatism by the late WALTER BAGEHOT, and the regret that we shall read no more like it is made keener by the surprise that we can read it now with as much interest as if it had been published when it was first written. If we ask ourselves how many articles there are on current politics that will bear to be read when they are four years old, we shall understand something of the wonderful life and vigour which there was in all that Mr. BAGEHOT wrote. For the most part, there is nothing that grows stale so fast as political writing. It is necessarily written for a specific time, and usually for a specific purpose; and when the time is gone by, and the purpose either served or become past serving, the writing that seemed so vigorous, because so opportune, has become flat and unprofitable. Now nothing could well have a more temporary character than this last essay of Mr. BAGEHOT's. It was written in the autumn of 1874, when the Conservative Government had held power for one Session, as a contribution to the problem which then most exercised politicians—what were the chances for a long Conservative régime in England? It was in great part, therefore, a prophecy; and as such it had the inevitable demerit of not foreseeing that the distinguishing characteristic of the present Administration was to be its foreign policy. No one in Europe indeed could have foreseen this, because the fact depended on the concurrence of three, if not four, forces; and the most intimate acquaintance with the tendency of each force, taken by itself, would have been no assistance towards determining the conditions under which they would meet. To know the Turks, the Russian Government, Prince BISMARCK, and Mr. GLADSTONE separately is no guarantee for knowledge of what will happen when their several powers are brought to bear at the same time on a particular foreign question. But though the inability to foresee this is no discredit to Mr. BAGEHOT, it might fairly be expected to be a great injury to his article when read after the characteristic had shown itself. Yet it is nothing of the kind. Mr. BAGEHOT's speculations deal with matters which have hardly influenced the popularity of the Government one way or the other; and, notwithstanding this, they may be read with as much interest as though everybody were still speculating what sort of questions the new Government would have to deal with. The truth is that Mr. BAGEHOT's speculations always had their roots in something deeper than mere contemporary events. They were founded in the great facts of human nature and national character; and consequently even where for want of necessary, and then unattainable, data, they fail as specific predictions, they remain interesting because they remain applicable within a wider horizon than that which they were originally designed to fill. Some day or other foreign affairs will cease to have the absorbing hold of us that they have now, and when that day comes the considerations which Mr. BAGEHOT sets forth in this article will be still unexhausted.

Mr. BAGEHOT begins by remarking that, though there will always "be many ins-and-outs in English politics," and though these "minor perturbations are determined 'by momentary events,'" yet there are "secular causes 'which, in the long run, fix the predominance 'of one or the other party." In happy States these secular causes make for the Conservatives. They are likely, upon the whole, to rule a much longer time than their adversaries. The reason of course is that "in 'a happy State innovation—great innovation that is—can 'only be occasional." If it is frequent, the policy must be bad, or there must be great fickleness of disposition in the people, and in either case the State will not be happy. "Nations eminent in practical politics have always possessed a 'singular constancy to old institutions and have inherited 'institutions more or less deserving that constancy." In Mr. BAGEHOT's opinion predominance of Conservative rule is a serious price to pay even for national happiness, because the best government for free States is a moderate Liberal Government, a "Government of the Left Centre," of the progressive side, that is, of the great neutral mass. But the Left Centre have very little chance of obtaining the power which it is so desirable that they should

possess. "The great energies of the earth are not theirs." Those great energies are two—the desire of ordinary people to lead the life they have been accustomed to lead, and the desire of each generation to innovate upon the generation that has gone before it. The Conservative sentiment "calls itself loyalty; it cries that it wants to preserve the 'QUEEN, the Czar, or the Union.'" "Really it is crying 'for what it is familiar with. In times of revolution this sentiment has volcanic power, and in quiet times it is 'the most enormous of 'potential energies.'" But the Left Centre, the moderate Liberals, cannot appeal to this power because they are not really in sympathy with it. They incline to progress, they are alive to new ideas, they want to redress proved evils, and this is not what Conservative sentiment as such wants to do. Neither can they gain the support of the innovating power, because they want to make changes when and as the average man comprehends, and not sooner or in any other shape. The result is that the work of the Left Centre is mainly done by the Right Centre, by that section of the great neutral mass which inclines towards keeping things as they are, but which holds that, it being impossible to keep them as they are, it is well that the change should be made by Conservatives rather than by Liberals.

If this were the whole case, Mr. BAGEHOT admits that Moderate Liberals would be of all men most miserable. But the general tendency towards Conservative rule may be counteracted in two ways. The Liberals may be maintained in power either because they are better administrators than the Conservatives, and the nation wants good administration, or because the nation has an intense desire for new laws, and that is a desire which Conservatives cannot gratify. Therefore, the chances of a long continuance of Conservative rule in England depended, Mr. BAGEHOT thought, on two questions—will the Conservatives prove sufficiently good administrators, and does the nation want any new measures which the Conservatives will be unable to propose? Mr. BAGEHOT, writing in 1874, thought that the danger of the new Government lay in the former direction, and it is by no means clear that he was wrong. The faults of Conservative administration have not indeed been shown in the ways which he probably expected, because the importance of foreign affairs has for the time thrown the ordinary departmental administration into the background. But there have been blunders enough in the conduct of their foreign policy—as distinguished from blunders in the conception of that policy; and from some of these it seems probable that greater administrative skill, greater acquaintance with business on the part of the PRIME MINISTER, greater familiarity with the internal mechanism and mutual relations of the departments on the part of his colleagues, might have saved them. The very magnitude of the affairs with which these blunders have been associated has prevented them from having their full effect on the public. If the Memorandum disclosed in the *Globe* had related to a contract, no Minister could have stood the publication of it. But it is a serious thing to punish a Government for mistakes which concern foreign Powers. In such times as those which the country has been passing through for the last two years, almost anything is preferable to a change of Ministry. Upon this part of Mr. BAGEHOT's forecast subsequent events have not shed much light, and the same cause has prevented the second half from being put to the test. He was strongly of opinion, however, that there was no measure visible in any near future which would satisfy the three conditions of interesting mankind, being such as to secure the support of men of sense, and also such as the Conservatives would not propose. The only point discussed in detail is whether the greater expenditure of a Conservative Government would make it unpopular; and, after giving judgment against the view that Englishmen care for a cheap Government, he intended, the editor tells us in a note, to discuss whether a new Parliamentary reform, a great Church reform, or a great land reform, would fulfil these essential requirements. The drift of what he has written goes to show that on these points also his opinion was adverse to any speedy return of the Liberal party to power.

THE UNIVERSITIES AND THE INNS OF COURT.

THERE is no commodity in regard to which the British public seems more content to leave the law of supply and demand to take its course than legal advocacy. Throughout all the discussions on legal education it has preserved an unshaken confidence that it will never want a barrister so long as it has a fee to give him. From the point of view of quantity this assurance is undoubtedly justified. The number of calls to the Bar does not grow less; the competition for well-placed chambers is as keen as ever. Though the complex relations of modern civilization seem to be continually providing fresh matter for legal controversy, there is still a far greater probability that barristers will want work to do than that work will want barristers to do it. But, as regards quality, the ground for the confidence so generally felt is less evident. How is a solicitor to know that the cause he entrusts to an untried advocate will be properly argued, or that the opinion which he gets from him on a case or an abstract will not be altogether wrong? If it is said that a barrister's public running is a sufficient testimony to his ability, this answer hardly disposes of the difficulty. Before a man's public running can be appealed to as evidence, he must have run several times in public; and before he can have run several times in public, he must have had several opportunities given him by solicitors who were willing to take him on trust. Perhaps every solicitor hopes that he will never be reduced to give a brief to any one who has not been already tested at another solicitor's expense; but this view of things is evidently too sanguine. If nobody were willing to make the experiment the state of things would be still worse than it is now. Instead of the Bar being made up of men whose powers are known and men whose powers are unknown, it would be, after the disappearance of the few eminent counsel upon whom solicitors had latterly been heaping all their business, entirely composed of men about whom nothing whatever was known. What has to be always done by somebody is likely in the long run to be sometimes done by everybody, so that the most cautious solicitor cannot be sure that he may not occasionally be induced to employ a young advocate of whose connexions he knows more than he does of his ability. It might be thought that, under these circumstances, solicitors, and even the clients whose affairs they manage, would like to have some guarantee against gross misconduct of their business. No system of legal education will mark out the eventual Lord Chancellor, but it would be quite possible to devise a system which would ensure that every one called to the Bar should know something of the principles of law and something of the method of applying those principles to English examples. That would at least supply a fair probability that the trifling cases which are naturally the first submitted to a young and untried man would not be mismanaged, and this would be all that any system could give or any solicitor expect.

The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have just exhibited a logical but distressing indifference to the polite fictions which have long been accepted by the Inns of Court with regard to legal education. Certain tutors of Colleges at Cambridge lately suggested that the regulations about keeping term might advantageously be relaxed in the case of University students. A Syndicate was appointed to consider their memorial, and the result was a joint representation from Oxford and Cambridge to the Benchers of the several Inns of Court. The purport of this representation was, that in the case of a student of the University the necessity for eating three dinners a term might be dispensed with, and that three or four law terms, instead of twelve, should constitute a qualification for a call. If the Benchers thought the number of dinners in hall important, they might distribute the number at present required over one year instead of over three. The result of this would be that a University student would keep his law terms during the first year of his residence in London, and be ready to be called at the end of it, instead of, as now, having to keep terms and postpone his call for three years. The Inns of Court appointed a joint Committee to report upon these proposals, and this Committee, after considering them, unanimously agreed to advise the respective Benchers that they were wholly inadmissible. Such suggestions, the Committee say with feeling,

"appear to assume that the keeping terms in an Inn of Court is a mere formality. . . . This assumption is incorrect, especially since the Inns of Court have established a system of legal education. Under ordinary circumstances a residence and study of the law for three years in London, and an association during that period with fellow-students preparing for the Bar, is desirable for every one who intends to become a barrister." The Inns of Court evidently do not like to have their dinners thought lightly of. They are ready to admit that they may be usefully supplemented by some other educational machinery, but they are very valuable things in themselves. The University authorities did not of course suffer themselves to be silenced by a single retort. They represented to the four Inns that they "fail to perceive" how the keeping of a term at an Inn of Court is anything more than a mere formality, or how "any course of legal education can be pursued by a student residing in London for only three days in a term at four different periods of the year, one of such days being generally a Sunday." They admit, in fact, the propriety of the standard of legal education which the Inns of Court set up; but they deny that the Inns of Court in any way come up to it. Three years spent in "residence and study of the law," and in association with fellow-students, would no doubt be an advantage, "but it is an advantage which the existing system has no tendency to secure."

In this little contention both parties have right on their side. The bachelors have good reason to say that study and companionship are highly necessary for the making of a barrister. If the call to the Bar could be obtained with no more London preparation than is suggested by the University authorities, a barrister might be a still less well-prepared man than he is already. The kind of education which a man gets by reading in chambers and dining in hall, by going to students' Debating Societies, and by sitting in court, is the best possible substitute for systematic instruction; while, at the same time, it is also the best possible accompaniment to systematic instruction. Yet when the University authorities plead that even this kind of education is not necessarily obtained under the existing system, and that residence in London for three days four times a year is not residence for three years, they too have reason for what they say. Their error lies in the direction in which they seek for a remedy. The true means of improving the present system of preparation for the call is not to revolutionize it, not to sweep away the old forms on the plea that they are only forms, but to make the old forms realities. The adoption of the plan recommended by the University authorities would be a retrograde step as regards legal education. And, if ever legal education becomes a reality, the result would be that the University student, on this theory, would be left to get at Oxford or Cambridge the knowledge which non-University students were getting under more favourable conditions in London. Three years of residence and study at an Inn of Court is not too much for what a young man has to learn in order to properly qualify himself for practice. At present the Inns do very little to secure either the necessary residence or the necessary study; so much must be conceded to the Universities. But the thing to be aimed at is to bring them to make proper provision for both, not to excuse them from exacting either.

DISQUALIFYING GIFTS.

WHEN we hear certain combinations of very different qualities attributed to any unknown person, a natural scepticism is excited in our minds which does not always pause to consider its own grounds. We know that it is a rare thing to meet with great gentleness combined with great energy, great facility of acquirement with very steady tenacity, nice balance with strong impulse, and so on of many other gifts. But it is not easy to determine how far our instinctive incredulity about such combinations is justified by a real incompatibility between the qualities in question, and how far it is due to a mere general disbelief in what rises much above the average. There is a general and not unfounded impression that exaggerated praise is a much commoner thing than remarkable endowment. But there is a better reason for caution in accepting any statement which attributes to the same person an unusual range of qualities. This is the instinctive conviction that human capacities are really, though not very obviously, limited in quantity; and that what is bestowed in one direction must actually leave a deficiency in others.

This is certainly the case with the processes of acquiring and developing mental faculties. All that is in any sense the result of practice is necessarily more or less limited by time, and by other conditions of life. We know that there are subjects the profound study of which must necessarily absorb the whole of a lifetime, or rather of many lives; so that proficiency in any other study would be strictly incompatible with the highest degree of attainment in the first. No one can engage, for instance, in the study of astronomy and physiology without, of necessity limiting his acquirements in the one by the amount of time given to the other. It is another question whether the greatest total amount of knowledge will be gained by pursuing one branch of study or two. Subjects are so interwoven, and our faculties are so interdependent, that the gain in refreshment and in side-lights may more than compensate for the mutual limitation of studies simultaneously pursued. But that they must limit each other while time is limited is obvious. And in precisely the same way moral qualities, if acquired by practice, may limit each other. The time and energy bestowed in acquiring a habit of sincerity are really to some extent taken away from what can be given to cultivating politeness. But the interdependence of moral qualities is greater, or, at least, more obvious, than that of branches of study; and, the opportunities of practising them being only occasional and dependent upon circumstances over which we have no control, the limitation does not in this case come nearly so much into play. You can shut yourself up in your study and choose whether the morning shall be devoted to Hebrew or to mathematics; but you cannot set apart one hour for speaking the truth and another for soothing legitimate susceptibilities. And truth-speaking may turn out to be unexpectedly useful in dealing with your neighbours' susceptibilities; so that, on the whole, it is only in a very rough and general way that we can consider preoccupation with one virtue a sufficient explanation of the absence of another.

There is, however, yet another way in which different kinds of merit may be incompatible. There are some gifts which do actually disqualify their possessors for particular kinds of success. These are the qualities which depend, not upon practice, but on what may be called the actual form of the mind. The convex surface of one mind and the concave shape of another may both be admirable; they may be in the highest degree mutually attractive; but it is needless to say that they cannot be combined. They may, no doubt, be successively assumed, and may even be displayed at the same moment to different observers. The man or woman who is domineering in one relation is often yielding in another. And our minds seem to be made of a strangely elastic material which is capable of a very Protean diversity of forms. Yet each has its own normal attitude, and an habitual tendency in any one direction is of course a disqualification for assuming the opposite attitude. We cannot, for instance, cultivate a habit of energetic and vigilant superintendence without increasing the difficulty of simple unquestioning reliance upon others. A habit of communicativeness makes reticence doubly difficult as well as distasteful. Great sensitiveness to the feelings of others is a direct disqualification for the practice of any severe moral surgery. Perhaps one of the forms in which the necessity of choosing between incompatible acquirements is most commonly brought home to us is the embarrassing effect of too high or too minute a standard of perfection. How many artists are cramped and weighted by an undue development of the critical faculty, which yet is indispensable to any high attainment. Those who are wanting in this gift will never reach so high as its possessors may do, but they have a far better chance of attaining the utmost limits allowed to them by nature. A due proportion and balance of gifts is wonderfully important in enhancing their practical availability. And yet proportion and balance are themselves a disqualification in some directions. The very unrest and dissatisfaction of an ill-balanced mind gives it a certain impetus which is wanting to the more harmoniously constituted. One is sometimes tempted to think that nothing great is ever done except by people with a streak of insanity in their composition. To be sure, people without any such streak are somewhat hard to find, and, when found, our admiration is apt to be a little quenched by the faint aroma of tameness which generally hangs about them. Perfect sanity is a grievous disqualification for a reformer.

There is certainly a cheering side to the fact that our places in life are so inexorably assigned to us by our peculiarities; and that even our gifts combine with our shortcomings to say to us Thus far shalt thou go and no further. The vague fatalism which lurks in all our minds assumes its most fascinating form when we can lay on our remarkable endowments the blame of our inability to do what is easily accomplished by the less gifted. There is often a great deal of truth in this pleasing theory, though it is a truth not very quickly ascertained. We are slow in perceiving the limitations imposed on our effectiveness by our refinement, on our sympathies by our principles, and so forth; but in reality these limitations are even more inexorable than those which are caused by positive defects. A lack of refinement, of caution, or of principle may be remedied by education. But no one can seriously set about the task of ridding himself of such qualities, even if possessed in a hampering excess. Rather they tend to intensify themselves. Most people are curiously on their guard against the faults to which they have least inclination, for a distaste for them grows with abstinence. All we can do when any particular virtue has acquired a tyrannical and paralysing influence over us, is to sit down patiently in the place allotted to merit of that kind, and

to avoid harassing ourselves and wasting our energies by undertaking work which could be better done by others, less gifted in that particular direction.

The dark side of the doctrine that it is our gifts which disqualify us for practical life is of course a certain scepticism about the actual value of these inconvenient endowments. And the conclusion to which experience points seems to be that it matters less whether we have much or little of any particular power, as compared with other people, than whether our powers are suited to our dispositions and circumstances. All our powers are, in fact, more relative and more dependent for their value upon their backgrounds and surroundings than it is quite pleasant to our self-love to recognize. There is a good deal of practical wisdom in the stress laid by the Quakers upon being "in one's right place" even in spiritual things. In proportion as we learn to look beyond individual interests, we recognize the value of fitness and harmony as compared with mere power. And so we gradually come round to a renewed appreciation of gifts which, by the very fact that they do disqualify us for particular walks of life, serve as a clue to guide us into that which properly belongs to us.

Special powers may determine for us, not only the nature of our work, but the composition of our audience, or *clientèle*. If, for instance, our peculiar gifts specially qualify us for intercourse with the more educated classes, we shall almost certainly find these gifts, not only thrown away, but a positive hindrance in immediate intercourse with the rougher and poorer sort of people. Not that such gifts may not in the long run, and with care and skill, be eventually brought to bear upon the least cultivated; not that a great many, and those the best kind of social and intellectual gifts, are not as much appreciated by the poor as by the rich; but that the immediate effect of a different degree of cultivation in social intercourse is like the use of a foreign language. No doubt the existence of different languages enriches the inheritance of the human race, even while it hinders mutual intercourse. And so with rich and poor. The common stock is replenished alike by the subtleties and abstractions of culture and by the vigour and simplicity which belong to the struggle with primitive necessities. We should gain as little by having all minds cultivated up to the same pitch of delicacy as by making all our nets with meshes of the same size, or using none but the finest sieves. But all these differences break up society while they enrich it.

This is the real sting of the discovery that our very gifts have a disqualifying tendency. They not only hinder us from undertaking certain kinds of work, but they more or less isolate us from our kind. The experience of the ugly duckling is more or less common to all who have endowments ever so little above the average. During the slow process of finding one's level there is, as that story sets forth, not only mortification but bewilderment in the discovery that the highest gifts are by no means the most acceptable, at least not the most readily acceptable. No doubt unusual gifts excite immediate admiration, but that very admiration tends to keep its object at arm's length, for a while at any rate. And if the superiority be at all real and extensive, it does necessarily prove, even in the long run, more or less isolating. An exceptionally gifted person will perhaps have many points of sympathy with an unusually large number of other minds; but the people with whom such a one can be altogether at home will be very few. The very fact of being exceptionally gifted, even with the power of making friends, is enough to excite some prejudices. What is required for popularity is a certain happy development of comparatively commonplace qualities. And, after all, this popular instinct is quite right. Commonplace qualities, such as simple kindness, and truth, and respectfulness, and the like, are indeed better and more important than any of those exceptional powers which we generally call "gifts." The things which "distinguish" us are trifles; those which we have in common make our true worth. The only thing of which the ugly duckling has really a right to complain is that the other birds allow their attention to be so completely absorbed by his peculiarities that they overlook what he shares with them. The most remarkable man, or the most superior woman, may have their hearts as much in the right place, and be as kind and as gentle in reality, as their least gifted fellow-creatures. But the fellow-creatures take notice of the singularity, and forget the right hand of fellowship. And so the mere superficial grace or talent, meant to be a gain to all, too often becomes a burden to its possessor, and a barrier separating those who might be "chief friends."

THE ORIGIN OF POPULAR TALES.

SO many fairy tales are probably being told to children in the hours between early dusk and candle-lighting, that older people may naturally ask themselves, "Who were the first authors of the nursery lore of the world?" If any one pauses for a moment to reflect, in the recital of the commonest stories—such as "Beauty and the Beast," or the "Black Bull of Norrway," or "Cinderella"—he will find himself in a world of fancies which are none the less wild because they have become familiar. How did men come to think of living so kindly with beasts, birds, and fishes, and with the sun and moon, as they do in fairy tales? Whence came the ideas of enchanted mortals, of terrible consequences to follow on the commission of the most harmless acts, which are mysteriously forbidden? In what condition were men when cannibalism and even

incest were thought harmless details in a child's story, and when it was natural and proper to punish ill-doers with the most ferocious cruelty? Many of these harsh elements have been judiciously dropped out by the modern collectors and narrators of popular tales. Enough remains to make us suspect that when these stories were first circulated men had strange, credulous, and barbarous conceptions of the world in which they lived.

Three attempts to clear up the whole, or a part, of the problem of nursery legends lie before us. First there is a little work called *Fairy Tales and their Origin and Meaning* (Macmillan), by Mr. Thackray Bunce. Mr. Bunce's book is meant to be intelligible to children. He tells them boldly that "there must have been one origin for all these stories, that they must have been invented by one people"; and again, that "all the nations in which they are now told in one form or another tell them because they are all descended from one common stock." That stock is "the Aryan race." After these rather sweeping assertions no one will be surprised to find that, in Mr. Bunce's opinion, the "Dawn-Maiden," the "Sun-Frog," and our other old friends, are at the bottom of most popular tales. "Old-world stories . . . all mean the same things—that is, the relation between the sun and the earth, the succession of night and day, of winter and summer, of storm and calm, of cloud and tempest, and golden sunshine and bright blue sky." It can scarcely be necessary to inform any one but Mr. Bunce that one at least of his premisses is utterly unsound. All the races which tell *märchen* are not of the same "Aryan" stock, unless Chinese, Japanese, South Siberians, Basutos, the Amazulu, the Bechuana, the Algonquins, the Aztecs, are of the Aryan stock. Lying before us is the *Shan Hoi King*, a Chinese *Wunderhorn*, of some antiquity, for the earliest date attributed to its composition is 2205 B.C. We need not stickle for this date, but the *Shan Hoi King* is no new work, nor of yesterday. Yet here are found, among a people not particularly Aryan, the Cyclops, a prodigious fellow, with his one eye and rough beard; the Pygmies, naked little men by the sea-shore, with the hostile stork or crane swooping down on them; Cerberus, the hound of hell, with his three heads; and the Sirens, with pretty girlish heads on birds' bodies, just as they appear on some early gems and vases. When Mr. Bunce has accounted for the presence of these Greek trolls and fairies and monsters among the Chinese, he has still to account for the Zulu frog-prince; the Mexican *πλαγκτονίς πέρπατος*; the Japanese tale of the two hunchbacks, which is so like the Celtic version; and, in fact, for all the stores of Bleek, Castrèn, Callaway, Radloff, Schoolcraft, and the rest. When he has satisfied himself that all the world is Aryan, or that Aryans are not the exclusive owners of fairy-tales, it will be time to inquire whether all fairy-tales are stories about the golden sun and the bright blue sky.

The second of the writers whose essays we are considering is Mr. Ralston, who in the *Nineteenth Century* compares a number of forms of "Beauty and the Beast." The chief points in "Beauty and the Beast" are the conversion of a genial monster into a beautiful prince and the separation of a wife and a husband, as punishment for some trifling offence. Granting these germs, the tale may and does blossom into any number of adventures. As a rule, when the wife is separated from her husband, she has to seek him all over the world. Thus Psyche tries to win back Eros; thus in "The Black Bull of Norrway" the beloved pursues her lover, who has quite forgotten her, even into the chamber of his new bride. In the Scotch "Nicht, Nought, Nothing," as in the Gaelic "Battle of the Birds," the girl has much the same troubles, and in all her fantastic pilgrimage some mythologists only see the search of the dawn for the sun, or of the sun for the dawn, or some such thing. Mr. Ralston has compared French, German, Cretan, Hellenic, Indian, and South Siberian versions of this tale of "Beauty and the Beast." He has shown very skilfully how the story crept into literature, as into the works of Mine, de Beaumont and of Apuleius, out of oral legend, French or Thessalian, and how again it passed into oral tradition, carrying with it some traces of the literary or courtly air in which it had lived for a while. One variant "has been twisted from mythology into morality," says Mr. Ralston, and we may add, what does not appear to have occurred to him, that part of the tale has been twisted from morality still inchoate, still "in the making," into mythology. "Beauty and the Beast," says Mr. Ralston, "is evidently a moral tale, intended to show that amitableness is of more consequence than beauty, founded upon some combination of a story about an apparently monstrous husband, with another story about a supernatural husband, temporarily lost by a wife's disobedience." Mr. Ralston does not seem to think that the Dawn has much to say in the matter. Little "direct evidence can be obtained with regard to the mythological representation of the phenomena of nature." On the other hand, we venture to suggest that some evidence can be obtained as to the mental condition of the first makers of this myth. Take the first point, the existence of a beast husband, be he frog, monster, bear, lion, or serpent, for all appear in separate variants. We must not forget that among savages, Bears, Lions, Frogs, and Serpents are the names of respectable groups or communities of men who believe themselves to be descended from the creatures whose names they bear. A Canadian lassie, or a girl of an Indian hill-tribe, might marry a Frog to-morrow. Again, savages in the exercise of their imagination tell tales of talking animals, trees, rocks, and fishes, with the most perfect freedom, and with apparently the same amount of belief as we notice in fanciful children. They live in a world where anything may happen. Thus the only Kanekia (New Caledonian) *märchen*

which we know to have been committed to writing is all about an old woman who went forth to grope for cray-fish. She tackled a gigantic eel, who at last came from his hole and told a long story, which our too conscientious collector unfortunately wrote down in the original *Kaneka*. The eel's remarks had awful consequences, but the gist of them is lost to the English reader. Still the fact remains that the exercise of the fancy in the invention of familiar relations between men and the animals is within the reach of a rather backward set of savages. It may be argued that out of this savage stage of imagination popular tales first arose, and thus we are led on to a second point. Why is the wife so severely and so mysteriously punished for asking the name of her husband? Why does the husband disappear when he is made to look on water? Why is he not to be met by his wife except at night? Now we know savage races from Bulgaria to Dahomey, and thence to Natal, where such restrictions are part of law, custom, or superstition. The Kafir woman may not name her lord's name. The Bulgarian girl may not even speak to him for long after her marriage. The Ashanti king may not see the sea and live. All these are examples of "taboos," of sacred prohibitions on things that to us seem natural. Now for all the great "taboos," there was once, most probably, a reason in the constitution or in the belief of society, at the time when the taboo was invented. If that reason was forgotten, while the custom remained, it would naturally be explained by a tale, or again, people who were inclined to break the taboo would be deterred by the "awful example," reported in the tale, of the fate of the woman who *did* mention her husband's name, who *did* meet him (not at night, as in Sparta), but in daylight, or who *did* let him look on his fatal fetish the sea. The tales would be spread at least as widely as the prohibition was once current, and thus taboos, which among savages are an early stage of morality, gave birth to myths, which again were wrested, as Mr. Ralston says, to a moral purpose.

This view of the origin of some points in popular tales is confirmed by the essay (*Gentleman's Magazine*, December) of Mr. J. A. Farrer on the "Fairy Lore of Savages." Mr. Farrer compares Tasmanian, Hottentot, Eskimo, Bushman, Aht, Basuto, and Algonquin tales. He finds—to be brief, and to put his theory in our own words—that most stories are fanciful theories or explanations of natural phenomena, or of institutions. Let us choose an example of our own. Why is there a tale of a Man in the Moon? First, the man's existence is a fanciful explanation of the spots on the moon's disk (just as, among the Bushmen, the Milky Way is wood ashes thrown up by a girl); secondly, the Man was sent to the Moon because he broke a taboo—he gathered sticks on Sunday. Mr. Farrer gives an abundant supply of examples of such explanatory myths, and says, "from these examples of the fairy tales of savages it is clear that, in addition to the myths which arise from forgotten etymologies, there are others which are not formed at all by this process of gradual forgetfulness, but spring directly from the use of the intellect and the imagination, in obedience to the impulse to find a reason for everything." He instances the stories by which the Hervey Islanders account for the conformation of the head of the common sole. So we have our story about St. Peter grasping the haddock's head with his thumb and forefinger. Mr. Farrer might have added the many tales invented to give an explanation of proverbs. For example, take the expression "Hobson's choice"—if there were no legend of Hobson, it would be necessary to invent one. Thus in Japan the tale of the hunchback who had his neighbour's hump added to his own is told to explain a proverb.

In India the legend of *Urvashi*, the Indian "Beauty," is told to explain part of a certain religious ceremony. When we remember the monotony of superstition, how *Kanekas*, like Bretons and Greeks, believe in the deadly love of spectral women of the wild wood; when we remember how Bulgarians and French peasants, like Ahts and Algonquins, make sun and moon and stars living and talkative characters; we are near understanding the origin and diffusion of popular tales. They are results of the play of savage reason and fancy, in the effort to account for the relations of men and of the universe. Add to this the probability that the higher myths are the popular tales elaborated, humanized, and purified by later priests and poets, and it is not hard to understand the universal community in these primitive legends. They resemble each other everywhere, because they spring from the minds of savage men, and because all men in the savage state are very much alike. Their growth is an historical process, and may be historically traced; and they, in turn, offer abundant material to the student of the history of men.

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH IN THE WARS.

ADDISON, in an amusing number of the *Spectator*, complains of the difficulty he finds in understanding the news of the war. He hears that a siege is going on, he reads each mail as it comes in, but he is so bewildered by the inexplicable difficulties that he meets with in the narrative, that he scarce knows which side has the better of it till he is informed by the Tower guns that the place has surrendered. He thinks that the generals ought to be provided with secretaries to tell their story for them in plain English, and to let us know in the mother-tongue what it is our brave countrymen are about. For our commanders, he says, lose half their praise and our people half their joy by means of those

hard words and dark expressions in which our newspapers do so much abound. He had often seen many a prudent citizen, after having read every article, inquire of his next neighbour what news the mail had brought. He describes how a father received from his son, who was an officer in the Duke of Marlborough's army, a letter written in this high-flown style. The poor gentleman could make nothing of it, and so took it to the curate of the parish to see whether his learning could decipher it. But he, upon the reading of it, being vexed to see anything he could not understand, fell into a kind of passion, and told him that his son had sent him a letter that was neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. And yet many of the expressions that Addison finds fault with seem simple enough to us. "The Black Prince," he writes, "passed many a river without the help of pontoons, and filled a ditch with faggots as successfully as the generals of our time do it with fascines." So strange, nevertheless, was the language in which the affairs of war were described that it would be impossible, he maintains, for one of the great-grandfathers of the men of that generation to know what his posterity had been doing were he to read their exploits in a modern newspaper.

We could wish, as we read the war news of our time, that Our Special Correspondents would content themselves with merely writing about pontoons and fascines. But, when we reflect on the degree to which their despatches are, as it were, inflated with paragraphs, and their paragraphs with words, the image runs in our mind of a vast train of pontoons dragging its slow way across some waste. In like manner, when we reflect that too often these writings are but so much worthless material, used to fill up an empty space, we are induced to look upon them as nothing but fascines. Among all the Correspondents of the different newspapers there is, perhaps, no better hand at this pontoon and fascine work than the Correspondent of the *Daily News* who has already sent us two vast despatches from India. We are not speaking of the news he sends by telegraph, but of the four or five columns which each mail brings us from his fluent pen. By November 6 he had reached Lahore, having first gone to Simla. The war had not begun by that time, and he was still some considerable distance from Afghanistan. Nevertheless he has managed to give us a longer account of his adventures than Caesar gave of his two expeditions to Britain. We speak advisedly, for we have taken the trouble to compare the two narratives. We do not seem to be much aided in our comprehension of the Afghan war by learning that one of the gentlemen who has been sent out to describe it made his departure from Simla in a phaeton which is kept for the use of the Viceroy, nor is the case improved when in the next line we find that the phaeton was "a halo of spurious grandeur." But people who read with interest a minute account of the sea-sickness under which a Princess has suffered may, for all we know, care to learn how a writer whose name they do not even know left Simla nearly a month ago. To be sure, if we are to be told how every one of the thousands and thousands who are pouring into Afghanistan left each of their halting-places, the war will have been over many a year before we have followed the course of the last soldier. We shall have in that case this comfort, however—that, if the age of universal peace is at last going to begin, we shall have plenty of interesting war news to last us for our old age. But while we follow a Correspondent in the narrative of his adventures, we may with some reason ask that he shall not bewilder our brains more than the necessity of the case requires. No doubt it is no easy matter for a civilian to understand military matters. The great Gibbon himself tells us how his few years' service in the Militia rendered him much fitter to write the history of the Roman wars. People who have not served in the Militia must not expect to be able without some effort to understand the history of the Afghan campaign. They must be prepared, as Addison's gentleman took his son's letter to the curate of the parish, to take their *Daily News* to any half-pay officer who may happen to be in the neighbourhood. But what would the Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim of our time say if we were to go before them with such a sentence as the following?—

In the latter event, that the decision be communicated to the military authorities, and that the injunction once laid upon these that they are to undertake the task of beating into submission our friend the enemy, the full responsibility for doing this handsomely should vest in them, while until the hard-pressed enemy finds himself forced to ask for terms, the civilian element ought, *quoad* hostilities and their connecting incidents, to efface itself as much as possible, realizing that the *raison d'être* of a military organization and of an army is to do the fighting part of the business, and they are likely to succeed all the better, just in proportion as they are left alone to do work which is exclusively technical and professional.

What are pontoons and fascines compared with such a paragraph as this? Why should a man go all the way to Simla to write it? Why could he not have written it just as well at home? An Eton boy, as the story ran, being asked to explain how it was that the days were longer in summer than in winter, answered that heat expanded everything and so expanded the days. Can it be the case that heat expands sentences also, and that a degree of inflation can be attained in India which is scarcely possible in Fleet Street? We do not deny that there is a meaning to be got out of this vast and wandering paragraph by those who take the trouble to go through it two or three times. Nevertheless, Addison's prudent citizen, after reading it, might well shake his head over it and ask his neighbour what news the mail had brought.

We have strung together a few of the passages in which this

Correspondent is at his finest. The whole country is, by this time so used to everything extravagant in writing that without doubt most of the readers of the *Daily News* have read his letters with the utmost gravity, and have never for a moment suspected how huge was the pile of rubbish that he had heaped up before them, and how few were the pearls he had scattered over it. Honest Fluellen is not the only one who has been taken in when a man has "uttered as brave words at the bridge as you shall see in a summer's day." Nevertheless, even if we have been imposed upon by the first reading, and have laid the newspaper down with the impression that we have understood what we have read, and have read what was worth reading, a second perusal may, perhaps, open our eyes. Did you, we should like to ask some reader of the paper, really understand the writer when he described "a horse-boy who perches miscellaneous on any casual excrescence in the hind part of the vehicle"? Can you follow his metaphors when he writes of "the red-tape of the recondite departments through which the simplest requirements must filter"? Have you a clear notion of what he means when he tells you of "a sumptuous pile, the pride (mingled with nervousness) of a brilliant and efficient Public Works Department"? What is the sense that your mind gets out of such sentences as the following?—"I am absorbing time the outcome of which otherwise employed could scarcely fail to be the condign punishment of the Amer." "The ideal division of ruling labour is that the civilians should conduct negotiations," &c. "The strategic precedents of the past are being in initials followed." "Its functions are exclusively auxiliary to the field and hospital professional functions of the surgeons, and take little, if any, cognizance of what may be called the collateral duties which are fulfilled at home by the Army Hospital Corps." There has been, no doubt, some advance in education since Addison's time; but even now it is surely too much to expect that a prudent citizen can make much out of "a total bouleversement of the initial dispositions," "the whole *olla podrida* of military appliances," and of "a break of gauge that had been hustled into well-merited limbo." And yet these phrases are all found within twelve lines. When the Correspondent describes how "the jaggedness of a knife-like ridge was toned down by the wealth of foliage clinging to its edge," we ought not to be so much surprised, for there are hundreds of such descriptions in the novel-writers of the day. But a protest might fairly be raised when the dogs of a certain town are described as wandering limping about as if tired of their aimless flaccid lives. When we come to read of the aimless flaccid life of a limping dog that wanders, we may, to use Our Special Correspondent's own words, exclaim, "the keen edge of bewildered surprise has hardly begun to be blunted by consuetude."

We have this to be thankful for. Big though his words are, he might have used still bigger. A story is told of a leading Baptist minister who was engaged to preach a sermon in a country chapel. The congregation, he was informed, was a poor one, and so could not pay him more than a guinea and a half. At the end of the service the elders were congratulating him on his eloquence. "Do you call that an eloquent sermon?" he scornfully replied. "I should just like you to hear my three-guinea one." In like manner we could conceive the Correspondent of the *Daily News* exclaiming, "Do you call those big words? I should like you to see the bigness my words would reach if I were once appointed Correspondent to the *Daily Telegraph*." Whatever may be the result of the war, whether a scientific frontier is gained or not, the Queen's English, we fear, will have greatly the worst of it.

THE ABBÉ MARTIN'S REJOINDER.

SOME months ago the Abbé Martin contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* an article on Ritualism, which was noticed at the time in our columns. He has since written another in the *Contemporary Review* under the title of "What Hinders Ritualists from becoming Roman Catholics," conceived in a different and far more controversial spirit—so different indeed as to have not unnaturally suggested to his critics the notion that it was a palinode, urged or exacted by authority, of the too favourable estimate previously expressed. He assures us it was not so, and of course his word must be taken on a point of which he alone can have any certain knowledge, but the fact remains of a conspicuous divergence of tone between the two papers, however it may be explained. Two replies to the second of them have appeared in the *Contemporary*, from Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Littledale, to which the Abbé offers a "Rejoinder" in the current number of the same magazine. It is not nearly such pleasant reading as his first article, partly from its directly controversial character, but still more from what may be called its scrappy style. There is no one sustained and continuous line of argument, but we have a series of hits now at one of his antagonists, now at the other, while here and there successive pages are devoted to maintaining the ordinary plea for the Roman Catholic position as opposed to the Protestant or the Anglican. It is a kind of three-cornered duel in which the rival combatants deal heavy strokes without ever seeming to come into close contact with each other. We are not blaming the Abbé for this. It was of course impossible within the limits of a single article to traverse the ground occupied by both, or perhaps by either, of his antagonists. Nor is Mr. Gladstone's paper a very

easy one to grapple with. Mr. Gladstone is never so happy in his literary as in his oratorical efforts, and his "Study of the Reformation," as the Abbé calls it, is not a very happy specimen of his literary style. It is somewhat heavy, inconsecutive, and at times obscure, and it hardly professes to deal directly with the particular question raised by the Abbé Martin in his second article. Dr. Littledale on the other hand does address himself very directly to the issue thus raised, and makes a great many points which the Abbé for the most part leaves untouched in his rejoinder. It is rather a pity that he has not given us a connected estimate of the Reformation from his own point of view, instead of stringing together a selection of denunciatory extracts from Ritualist writers, chiefly from the *Church Review*—a weekly publication which is not to be confounded with the totally distinct *Church Quarterly Review*, and which is apparently given to indulging in strong language, though it is not always clear whether the passages cited are from leading articles or from the letters of correspondents.

We have another remark to make on the Abbé's use of these extracts, which illustrates a characteristic defect of his method of controversy, in his failure to grasp the exact point of the statement or argument he is criticizing. Not only is there a broad distinction as he admits, though he seems hardly to realize the full force of the admission, between the merits of the Reformation, as a whole, and the personal character and motives of the particular agents by whom it was brought about; but there is also an ambiguity in the use of the term "Reformers." If Dr. Littledale and others have spoken strongly against "the Reformation" and "the Reformers," it is necessary to inquire in what precise sense they employ the words before proceeding to argue from them. Now there is one marked peculiarity of the English as distinct from the Continental or the Scotch Reformation; it was more a political than a religious movement. To affirm this is not to deny that there were underlying causes, moral and religious; still less is it to imply that the ultimate result, as exhibited in the English Church, may not be preferable to the Protestantism of Scotland or Germany; that is another question. But it is a fact, so patent on the surface of history as to be noticed by writers of the most opposite schools of thought, that the Reformation in England was in its origin and actual progress a royal and aristocratic procedure effected from above, and not, as elsewhere, a popular movement from below; it was more the work of princes and statesmen than of priests. And it follows that the part played in it by the "Reformers"—a name usually appropriated to the leading Protestant divines of the sixteenth century—was a different and less honourable one here than elsewhere. It is thus quite possible for a warm admirer of Luther or Calvin or John Knox to have little respect for the Elizabethan or Edwardian bishops; Dr. Littledale's account *e.g.* of Cranmer, if it is more violently worded, is hardly more unfavourable than Macaulay's. But the strong passages cited by the Abbé Martin, whatever be their value in other respects, all refer apparently to the details or agents of the English Reformation, and hardly touch the broader issue raised by Mr. Gladstone as to the relative merits, ethical and religious, of the Reformed and Roman Catholic systems of belief considered in themselves. When again Mr. Gladstone meets the Abbé's appeal to the Ritualists by pointing to the Greeks and Russians, who are at least equally near the Latin communion in doctrinal sympathy, and yet hardly ever pass over to it, his reply betrays the same sort of *ignoratio elenchi*. It virtually comes to saying that the ecclesiastical position of the Greek Church is much better than the Anglican; but that is another matter. The doctrinal approximation of the Ritualists was the ground he had urged for their conversion, and he is so far from denying this close approximation in the case of the Easterns that he exaggerates it. For the Bonn Conferences, so far from leading the Greeks and Russians to recognize that there was no difference between themselves and the Latin Church about the *Filioque*, as he says, broke down mainly through the difficulty of coming to any satisfactory understanding on the subject. Moreover it is not very obvious on his own showing how the ecclesiastical position of the Greeks is so much better than that of the Ritualists, for one point on which both alike are represented as differing from Rome is "the supreme jurisdiction and infallibility of the Pope," which, if true at all, must surely be a fundamental truth affecting or rather constituting the very basis of the faith and of the essential organization of the Church.

The Abbé enlivens his argument by occasional *obiter dicta* about matters of fact, which are sufficiently startling, but are assumed to be too obvious to require any semblance of proof; at all events none is attempted. Thus after dwelling on the doubtfulness of Anglican Orders, as shown from the careless administration of baptism, he adds:—"This fact is, indeed, so patent that for the last two years we have heard often of Anglican priests who have sought ordination elsewhere." Where he has heard this remarkable piece of news, or where the priests in question can have sought—and, as we are left to infer, obtained—this supplementary ordination, is not explained; indeed it would seem from a still more puzzling announcement on the next page that they could not explain themselves. "What, in fact, are the Ritualists doing? They are living in daily contact with men whom they know to be heretics, and whom they treat as such. They are contenting themselves with Orders which they know are regarded as dubious, which they themselves believe to be so; or they go elsewhere seeking contraband Orders from they know not what bishop or what sect." It is hardly necessary to ask, "Is conduct like this logical?" or, we may add, honest. But we may fairly ask the writer whether he expects these

marvellous revelations to be received on his own *ipse dixit*. It is the only evidence he offers. There is another curious passage about historical facts on which we should like to ask him a question. Cardinal Manning once said that the appeal to history is a heresy and treason, and the Abbé quotes, amplifies, and endorses the statement, and expends some pages in defending it. "A Catholic," he tells us, "who should adhere to the testimony of history, when it appears to contradict the Church, and should do this deliberately and knowingly, would cease to belong to the Church. He would be no longer a Catholic, for he would be guilty, not merely of treason and heresy, but of apostasy." And he goes on to illustrate the futility of "these appeals to history" from the opposite views taken by Mr. Freeman and Mr. Froude of the character of Becket. No doubt there is ample room for diversity of opinion as to the characters, and interdependence of events, sometimes even, though much seldomer, as to the bare facts of history. But does the Abbé mean to deny that there are many historical facts which it would be as irrational to question as it would be *e.g.* to question the existence of Julius Caesar or Queen Elizabeth? If he does mean this he would do well to reflect that Christianity is an historical religion, and that the Pyrrhonism which may be useful in Ultramontane controversy is equally available against the primary evidences of Revelation. If he does not mean it, we should like to ask him what "a Catholic" is to do who feels convinced—as the experience of the last few years proves many Roman Catholics to be convinced—that "the testimony of history appears to contradict," and does contradict, the Vatican dogma of papal infallibility? It is for instance a fact, demonstrated on the most unimpeachable Roman Catholic testimony, that Honorius officially declared the Monothelite heresy to be an open question, and was anathematized by three Ecumenical Councils for doing so. It is a fact similarly established that a later Pope officially declared the Copernican system to be false and erroneous. Is a Catholic who "adheres to the testimony of history" on these points "guilty of treason, heresy, and apostasy," and bound, if he desires to continue a Catholic, to say, "So much the worse for the facts"? Dr. Littledale's assertion that "the Papal claims have absolutely no other basis" than the False Decretals may be allowed to be too sweeping. The Isidorian forgery formalized pretensions which had, to a great extent, been already put forward, but it both enlarged and materially aided to fix and establish them. And when the Abbé says, "It was not Decretals in hand that the Popes took possession of the government of the Catholic world," he should remember that the Decretals superseded on a long line of previous Roman forgeries, and that it certainly was "decretales in hand" that the Popes retained and extended the jurisdiction which those earlier fabrications had helped them to acquire. But it is difficult to carry on an historical argument with a writer who gravely speaks of the Vatican dogma as "formerly denied, or rather disputed by *some few*, but affirmed [he apparently means always affirmed] by the great majority of Catholics," and of its definition as strictly analogous to the definitions of the four first Ecumenical Councils.

Towards the close of his paper the writer does undertake to meet three distinct allegations of his opponents—as to the greater influence of the Pagan Renaissance in Catholic countries, the greater hold of Christianity on the upper and middle classes in England, and the higher intellectual and social status of the English clergy. His reply virtually admits the alleged facts, but proceeds to give a plausible account of them from his own point of view, which however owes much of its plausibility to leaving many important elements of the case out of consideration. Into that omission however we have no room to enter here. Still less can we enter on the vast question of the relative claims of liberty and authority which the Abbé has compressed into two of his closing pages, but can hardly be said to have exhausted. We must observe however that if he means to deny that the reconstitution of the French Church under the Concordat of Pius VII. with Napoleon was the most high-handed and autocratic act—whatever may have been its motives or excuse—ever attempted by any Pope, at least up to the time of Pius IX., he cannot expect those who "adhere to the testimony of history" to agree with him. The late Bishop Thirlwall, a studiously cold and impartial critic, speaks quite as decidedly on that point as Dr. Littledale. Nor can anything be more unsatisfactory than the somewhat angry reply—which is really no reply at all—given in a short note to the allegations made over and over again on what looks like the clearest evidence as to the practical enslavement of the French and Belgian priesthood, if not of the "Anglo-Roman" clergy also, by their deprivation of all canonical rights. The Abbé's first paper showed that he was not altogether unconscious of the evils of this state of things himself. He may be very sure that he would be doing a better service to his Church by seeking to remedy than by attempting to extenuate or conceal it.

UNIVERSITY SENTIMENT IN ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

IT is commonly said that most educated men, in looking back on their University life, will feel that the positive knowledge which they acquired forms only a small part of their obligations to it. To a studious man, what he learned at college is very soon outweighed by what he learns afterwards; and even in the strictly scientific sphere it is the habit of mind and method of work, and not the amount of information collected, for which he will thank

his University training. The mass of University men are by no means studious, and learn little or nothing at college; but it is a commonplace to say that they are nevertheless a great deal the better for having gone there. Opinions may differ as to the exact value of the cast of mind and manner formed at Oxford and Cambridge, but nearly everybody admits that it has a value, and that a man is happier and more likely to take a good position in the world for sharing in it. The tone or spirit which, speaking roughly, marks a University man, is felt to be more desirable than the tone or spirit which marks either the uneducated commercial or the uneducated fashionable class. And this distinction does not hold good for England only. Nowhere is the line between the *Studirter* and the *nicht Studirter* more clearly drawn than in Germany. Nowhere does a man who has had a University education pride himself more on it, and feel more distinctly that it cuts him off both from the *Junker* on the one hand and from the *Philister* on the other. But the particular shape and colour which his feeling takes differ considerably from the mode of English sentiment on the same subject. The books which treat of German Universities hardly touch on this side of the question at all; but the following statement of some of the points of contrast between English and German feeling in this particular will perhaps be recognized as true by those who are familiar with both.

The most characteristic feature in a German University which strikes an observer first coming from England is its perfect freedom. The German student chooses his own lodgings, gets up or lies in bed, goes to lecture or does not go to lecture, eats and drinks, works and plays, exactly as he pleases. Morning chapels, Sunday chapels, compulsory lectures, dinners in hall, proctors, tutors, masters, and bulldogs are institutions which can only be made intelligible to him by long and elaborate explanation. He prides himself on his "Lernfreiheit" as much as the Professor does on his "Lehrfreiheit." He chooses, out of a large list of lectures for the coming "Semester," those which suit him, and attends them or not as he likes. This freedom would seem anything but desirable to the mass of English parents, and there are Germans whose opinion is of weight, like Dr. Döllinger, who hold that it is carried too far. It is curious, however, that one chief reason he gives for his opinion is not so much that a system of supervision such as prevails in England would be good thing for the student as that it would save the parent from sleepless nights of anxiety. But the great body of University opinion in Germany is strongly in favour of keeping things as they are; and with all this freedom, the average of hard workers is certainly greater there than in England. But the important point to be here noticed is this. The German student comes from his gymnasium, where he is under restraints which an Etonian would not find at all to his taste, into a life in which he is thoroughly his own master; and on leaving the University he passes again into a life where, from a variety of causes, some social, some political, and some economical, he has considerably less freedom of movement than an Englishman of the corresponding class. The University career of a German stands therefore as the oasis of freedom in a life of drill and hard compulsory work. And these three or four years of liberty come just at the time of life when liberty is most appreciated, when individuality is most vigorous, when false restraint is most ruinous, when the character and mind are taking definite shape, and when the need and capacity for enjoyment are greatest. It is no wonder that the freedom which Dr. Döllinger holds to be an evil, and which would frighten away most English parents from sending their sons to the Universities at all, is precisely what gives such a halo to the German student's recollections of his University career. And, further, the liberty of choice which the German has in his studies causes him to look on them with a genuine liking. At all events, the cases are very numerous where a student works with an honest enthusiasm for his work and is not ashamed to avow it. It is quite an accident whether the compulsory work done by a man of intellectual tastes at an English University interests him at all. In many cases it does not. He often does the work because he must, and he would have chosen something else if he had been free to do so. What he remembers with most pleasure is the intellectual atmosphere he lived in, and the leisure he had for pursuing independently his own private reading. But the German has both freedom of choice and a far wider range of choice in his studies; and this, if he be a man of any mind, enhances incalculably the interest which he takes in them.

Another important element in the German student's feeling is his personal relation to the Professor. There is hardly any analogy to this in England. One or two men there may be at English Universities whose "influence" is of decisive weight with considerable numbers of those within its reach; but, on the whole, it is the genius of the place and not the personality of individuals which shapes character at Oxford and Cambridge. One of several reasons for this lies in the fact that the great names in English literature and science are not commonly found among the teaching body at the Universities. In Germany they are. The *Privatgelehrter*, the scholar living on his own means, is rare in Germany as compared with England, partly because Germany is poorer, and partly because the learned German generally holds the sound opinion that his independent research gains rather than loses by his giving up a part of his time to teaching. The German student is consequently brought into contact with a class of men whom in England he would only know by fame. No doubt there are eminent men who teach at Oxford and Cambridge; but the mass of the teaching is done by

college lecturers and coaches, of whom it would be ironical to say that they are all of them eminent men. A few years ago there were lecturing side by side at Heidelberg—not by any means one of the largest Universities—Helmholtz, Bunsen, Kirchoff, Zeller, Treitschke, Vangerow, and Kühne, not to mention others. And, further, the absence of collegiate life, and of any disciplinary relation between the teacher and the pupil, makes the social intercourse between the two free and independent to a degree unknown in England. No more ghastly parody of society as it should be could be devised by human ingenuity than the entertainments given by the head of a college to his undergraduates. The host must be nothing short of a miracle of social tact if he succeeds in putting to flight the incubus of stiffness and boredom which broods over the scene. In Germany a tie of genuine friendship and comradeship can easily grow up between the professor and the pupil; and a man whose reputation extends over Europe may be seen sitting in a beer-garden over a pipe and a glass of *Wiener* with young fellows who might be his grandsons. A well-known German historian, now dead, once fell in with a party of his pupils in a wine-cellars. Being no less eminent as a wine-critic than as an historian, he took the opportunity to give his disciples a dissertation on the Rhenish vintages, and wound up a comprehensive discourse with the words, "Now, gentlemen, having had the theory, let us proceed to the practice." And so they did. Some years later one of the party said of the deceased sage, "That was a man for whom we would have done anything."

There seems to be no doubt that the German student, while getting through, on the average, more work than the English student, somehow contrives also to lead a more jovial life. If documentary illustration of this is wanted, it will be found in plenty by opening a *Commersbuch*, or book of students' songs. The mournful note is only struck when the time comes to take leave of the University, to drink the last glass at the familiar *Kneipe*, to give the last shake of the hand to the old comrades, and then to go out into the everyday world:—

Sie zogen mit gesenktem Blick
In das Philisterland zurück.

This is certainly not the tone of mind in which a man quits Oxford or Cambridge for his journey through life. Regrets he may have, and will have, if his course at college has been at all prosperous; but he will feel that he is leaving a narrower for a wider and fuller life, that he is shaking off restraints which he has outgrown, that he is about to face difficulties and responsibilities for which he is ripe, and that, even if he is going into harness in London or the country, the world is before him, and not behind him. A German *Beamter* has left more of the world behind him at the University than he finds in his new pursuits.

A foreigner, it is true, will find a good deal to criticize in German University life. But the things he is inclined to find fault with will hardly be admitted to be defects by the German, or, if they are allowed to be so, they so hang together with the general conditions of German society that he will treat them as incidental failings which cannot be cured without paying an altogether disproportionate price for their removal. And the feeling of a German for his University, like that of an Englishman for his, is determined by its good sides, by the happiness he has enjoyed there, by the means which it has put into his hands for future success in life, and by the hold which it has got on his imagination. In anything like a complete comparison of the relative merits of English and German higher education, a great deal would have to be taken into account which can here be ignored. We are not for the present concerned to show that one is better or worse than the other, but to discriminate, as far as may be, between the kinds of sentiment which they severally call forth.

And there are many points in which an Englishman would lose by exchanging his college experiences for those of a German University. They are localized in the case of the Englishman in one University, and thereby gain immensely in tenacity. A German divides his time between two, three, or four Universities, and what he may gain in the way of a wider range of teaching, he pays for by the loss of steady associations and prolonged friendships. In England the student—leaving the very exceptional cases out of account in which he goes to both—spends his three or four years at one of the two great Universities. He also, except in the unusual instance of migration, spends it at the same college. He sacrifices, it is true, a certain amount of freedom, which, considering the late development of Englishmen, he would hardly know what to do with even if he had it; but, in return for this, he lives in an atmosphere which is certainly calculated far more than that of a German University to promote the social virtues and graces. The loyal feeling with which an Englishman looks back on his old college, rich with so many concentrated associations, is of another quality than that which he would experience if—which would be about the nearest parallel in England to the German practice—he were a non-collegiate student for a year both at Oxford and Cambridge, and then wound up with a year and a half at University College, London. It cannot be doubted that the German habit has its advantages if intellectual development only is had in sight. But it is incompatible with the collegiate system; and to the collegiate system, as many will think, the best results and the happiest memories of English University education are due. It is at all events the colleges, and the effect that college life has upon character, that most impress foreign observers. These will often rate the intellectual work done at English Universities lower than we do ourselves, and lower perhaps than it deserves; but they agree that, as a training in all that constitutes the gentle-

man and the man of honour, there is elsewhere nothing like what these institutions offer. Gentlemen indeed and men of honour are to be found in Germany as well as here; but it may be doubted whether they are formed at a German University, whether they are in any sense a direct product of the life which the student there leads. Nothing probably so tends to keep up the standard of character throughout this country, and to make the ideal of life a liberal and humane as well as a strict one, as do our English Universities. A German is saved by his University life from the narrow horizon of the *Philister*; he may learn more, and may be made familiar with a larger and more varied range of subjects, than the Englishman; but he does not escape the commonness of taste and perception which mark the *Philister*; or, if he does, he owes it to his home and to the society he has been brought up in. The English Universities, now that they are more and more largely frequented by the middle class, are effecting a gradual transformation of it. How many of this class must be thankful to Oxford and Cambridge, as much for what they unlearned as for what they learned there.

It is another question how far the increasing educational needs of the country can be adequately met by the old Universities, and what form the new institutions created to meet these wants should take. They may probably have to be, as some already are, modelled much more on the German system than on that of the old Universities in England. They will doubtless do good work, only it will not be the same work as that done by Oxford and Cambridge.

A SUNDAY BATH AT WHITECHAPEL.

A WELL-KNOWN Judge of fifty years since used to relate, among his experiences as a junior barrister, how once on circuit he was invited to spend a Sunday with two excellent and elderly ladies, his relatives. His hostesses, on bidding him the Saturday good-night, mentioned in a matter-of-course way that his shaving-water would be brought up immediately; and, observing in his countenance some expression of perplexity, added, severely, "John, you cannot shave on the Sabbath." The extreme limit of religious scruple, in England at least, would not now extend to such a prohibition; nor would the strictest household require the Sunday pudding to be eaten from the same plate as that which had served for the meat, as is known to have been an occasional detail of Sabbath ritual about a century ago. The heads of families who insisted on these austere rules were sincere in their convictions of religious duty; and the same sincerity must be allowed to characterize their modern successors, who would smile at such regulations, even while they are advocating others which their successors in turn can scarcely be expected to regard as of binding force. The prohibition of the Sunday bath is, if anything, an austerity more mortifying to the civilized flesh than the prohibition of the Sunday razor. As a ceremonial law the latter would now scarcely be regarded as burdensome; and there is a certain grotesqueness in the hardship of substituting for the commandment "Thou shalt not shave"—which few men care to break—the ordinance "Thou shalt not wash," which, except as regarded face and hands, was held during the reigns of the Georges in somewhat general observance. The Duke of St. James, it will be remembered, created quite a sensation by asking for a bath at the coaching inn in Holborn. No customer had ever before been known to make such a requisition at the "Dragon with Two Tails"; the chambermaid would ask the waiter, who believed the gentleman could get a bath at the "Hummums," while the ostler in his turn acutely suspected a character so eccentric of a device for cheating the landlady. We do not hint that members of the junior Bar of our day can by possibility find themselves guests in an establishment where the host or hostess confiscates all the "tubs" on Saturday night, and locks them up out of harm's way till dawn on Monday. It is probable that the most pronounced Sabbatarian would hesitate at such a barbarism in private life, and the most advanced section of our Ritualist contemporaries has not yet proposed a too exact return to certain particulars of the ascetic rule which may be traced among the Christian antiquities of monasticism.

But the golden rule moves slowly in its recognized application from the life of private households to the life of the community; and in no respect is this progress more sluggish than in the ritual of what, in order to avoid even the appearance of an offensive name, we may designate as Sabbathism. The very strict Sabbatist, who will not use his own carriage or horses on the day which he calls the "Sabbath," is consistent in his objection to the Sunday cab, omnibus, or train; but the number of these exceptionally ascetic ceremonialists is small. The case of the zealot who, refusing to sanction the opening of a public-house or a little shop for provisions on Sunday, locks the doors of his own larder and cellars (including the cellar), and puts the keys in his pocket, has never yet, so far as we have heard, been met with in practical experience; nor are we aware that any one, however strong may be his conscientious convictions against the public use of soap and water on Sunday, has held it an obligation of consistency to abstain from washing himself. There may be happy places on this earth, or even within the four seas, where the air is so pure, the smoke so absolutely infinitesimal, dust so unknown a phenomenon, and domestic surroundings so spotless, that soap is a superfluity, and nothing but the creases distinguishes the linen which is received by the laundress from that which she returns;

but we fear that these ethereal abodes of the blessed are not to be sought within sound of the bells of Whitechapel Church, or in the regions about Petticoat Lane. Just to the eastward of that famous lane, known in polite English and to the map-makers as Middlesex Street, a parallel thoroughfare called Goulston Street runs northward from Whitechapel, and a notice at its corner gives a direction to certain public baths established about thirty years since, which would appear, according to the intention of their promoters, to have been available for use during some hours on Sunday mornings from the date of their original opening by the late Prince Consort. The reports in the local newspapers, however, exhibit some discrepancies in reference to this point, and it is not clear whether the baths were actually used on Sundays during the incumbency of the late Dean of Lichfield, Mr. Champneys, and his successor. In course of time this institution became hampered by debt, and it was temporarily closed. For its revival, or re-opening, the promoters acknowledge themselves largely indebted to the aid of the late Mr. Kingsley, and the debts having all been paid, the baths were some time since handed over, with a balance of 1,500/- to spare, to the Vestry of Whitechapel. Upon, or soon after this re-opening of the baths, the "Sunday question" was raised; and at length, on the 17th of July in the present year, the following resolution is reported to have been carried and placed on the minutes of the Vestry, at a meeting alleged to have been but thinly attended:—"That the payments for salaries be sanctioned only on condition that the baths be opened on Sunday mornings not later than nine o'clock." The wording of the resolution is indistinct, but its meaning is elsewhere shown to be that the baths were to be open for two hours, from seven to nine o'clock, every Sunday morning; and the resolution has been carried into effect during the summer and autumn; not, however, without provoking an active and powerful opposition. The usual preliminaries to an English contest were of course duly gone through, in the shape of much local canvassing and correspondence. A great deal of irrelevant matter was imported into the discussion, principally, it would seem, for the sake of influencing the Jewish vote or otherwise turning to account the existence of a large Jewish population in the neighbourhood; and finally the battle was fought out in the Vestry, on November 19th, upon a motion to rescind the resolution of July, with the result, we are happy to say, of a complete victory for the upholders of the resolution, and a defeat for the Sabbatist party, which, it may be hoped, they will accept in the same frank and honourable spirit with which they conducted the debate. It is the fashion to speak with some contempt of Vestry discussions generally; although some qualifications of compassionate allowance are thrown in for the benefit of those in the East-End, where the members are supposed "not to know any better"—the people who really "do not know any better" being often, as it happens, the critics. In this instance the attack and defence were both entrusted to able and experienced hands, and the manner in which the debate was carried to its issue in a majority of 18 to 11 in support of the previous resolution of the Vestry might be studied with advantage in more conspicuous representative assemblies. The Sabbatist party was led by Mr. Kitto, the rector of Whitechapel, whose character and work maintain worthily the honoured name which he bears, and who was supported by Mr. Gladding—a name not unfamiliar to lovers and buyers of old books; while the defence of the Vestry was in the main sustained by Mr. Donald Munro, a practical administrator and speaker, whose connexion with Whitechapel and the adjoining hamlet of Mile End Old Town has been of great advantage to both parishes, and at the same time has involved him in an unusual share of local work, including the chairmanship of a large Board of Guardians and a commission as Major of Volunteers. The question was well and temperately argued by the leaders on each side in a way which calls for no special remark; and the platform type of reasoning which sets out from a *petitio principii* was adopted by Mr. Gladding more in personal justification of his own course than in dogmatic censure of his opponents. "He held a breach of the Christian Sabbath to be a breach of God's law" which might "result in a complete subversion of all national prosperity and power; and, holding so important a view of the question, it was not to him a matter of light consequence" whether the resolution of the Vestry should be rescinded or confirmed. This is a line which any speaker is justified in adopting; and a man who has the candour to allow that he is arguing on his own personal opinion is in a fair way to admit a change in his opinion if he can be shown to be mistaken.

There is something peculiarly unhappy in the choice of ground made by the Sabbatists of Whitechapel for the defence of their position. It is not only that their objection to allow any one to go and wash in a public bath on what they describe as the Sabbath must at once recall a similar outcry raised in relation to what was in fact and in law the Sabbath, and must raise the question whether Goulston Street is outside the pale of the permission which could include Siloam, but that the restriction which they have advocated affects the very principle of that profound "compassion for the multitude" which they themselves acknowledge as the guide of their actions. The Rector of Whitechapel, if he has not actually been the leader of a recent spiritual mission among the East-end poor, has been one of its most zealous and prominent missionaries; and among the external and material aids to the success of such a mission many who sympathize with him in its special objects will be disposed to assign no inconsiderable place to the Goulston Street Sunday morning baths. If any one wishes to put this opinion to the test, let him take an evening walk—on

Saturday by preference—from Aldgate eastward, and, passing Petticoat Lane and Goulston Street and Mr. Gladding's great house of books, keep on the north side of the Whitechapel Road till he turns into the old Dog Row (they call it Cambridge Road now) on his left, where the Mile End Gate used to stand. Let him mix with the crowds about the street stalls and the smaller shops; they are not roughs or pickpockets, and he need have no fear; there are too many worn and haggard faces, especially among the women; but he will find that they will show him no want of respect, because they respect themselves. His eye will tell him by the light of gas and the flare of naphtha, and a faint pervading odour will inform another sense, that the workers in their workday clothes stand in need of baths and washhouses both. When Sunday comes, unless they can put on better attire, they will not care to be seen in the streets. About twenty years ago a serious mistake was made, although soon corrected by experience, in the issue of notices of special religious services to which the East-End labouring poor were invited, with the postscript, "Come in your working clothes." Those who were so addressed had too much respect for themselves and for each other to do anything of the sort, and fortunately were in several instances frank enough to say so. There can be no doubt that in the Sunday wash as important a contributory to self-respect is to be anticipated as exists already in the Sunday clothes. The custom which in the more well-to-do classes has already, to a degree formerly unknown, added the requirement of personal cleanliness to the claims of dress, is extending and will extend further in its range; and the old sneer at "the great unwashed" will need to seek for its point lower and lower in the social scale. Meanwhile it is impossible that the "tub" of more comfortably appointed life can find a place in the home of the workman. The conditions in which he is obliged to live are familiar to every one, and no argument on such a point is necessary. It is not so long ago that, in large districts of London, he had only too ready a retort upon those who told him to drink water instead of gin. He could always get gin, he said; but it was not always so easy to get water, especially on Sundays. This evil has been remedied; and now that he has water to drink he must have water to wash in if he chooses. For this the public baths provide him a public-house, and, even on the narrower ground of what might be called sectarianism, the opening of such baths for a few hours on Sunday morning will be defended, we may confidently anticipate, before many years are past, as one of those works of "necessity, piety, and charity" which the strictest Sabbatist has always allowed to be lawful. The Rector of Whitechapel and the minority of the Vestry have held gallantly by a position which they have thought it their duty to defend. They are entitled to march out from it with all the honours of war; and we trust that they will make no future attempt to recover it.

SCOTTISH FESTIVITIES.

THE Scotch were keeping the festival of their patron Saint last Saturday, and a merry time they must have had in many places. For the Scotch are not only clanish, but eminently sociable, and they gladly welcome any decent pretext for gathering on an occasion that is "out of the common." As is well known, they do not celebrate Saints' days with religious ceremonial, since the semblance of superstitious Romish rites is an utter abomination in the eyes of Presbyterians. But secular observance round the festive board is a different thing altogether, and no people are in the habit of making holiday more heartily than are the Scotch. The Scotch peasant lives a hard life. No doubt he has generally plenty to eat, and he is invariably blessed with an admirable appetite; but his fare is simple, to say the least of it, and the *menu* of his meals is decidedly monotonous. They consist of oatmeal in one shape or another—served in porridge, in cakes, or in the substantial brose that is flavoured with the vegetables from his garden-patch or kale-yard. Cheese is a luxury within his reach, but he seldom sees animal food from one month's end to the other; and even the bacon of the English labourer is not an institution of the country. There are no inviting titchies suspended in broad chimneys; but the porridge-pot is swinging from its crook over the smouldering fire of peat in the ingle. He can scarcely be called an ascetic, for he thrives and works on his wholesome fare. And when he has the chance of holding high carnival, at somebody else's expense, he shows a lively capacity for making himself "happy." There may be more boisterous mirth and "divilment" at an Irish wake or wedding, but we doubt if there is so much hearty enjoyment as at a Scotch coming-of-age or harvest-home dinner, with the ball that prolongs the entertainment to cock-crow. The great joints of boiled and roast meat, the vast platterfuls of cabbages and turnips, the puddings and the wedges of bread and cheese disappear as by enchantment. Sound stomachs that have been trained upon oatmeal have no notion of indigestion, either on the day or the morrow. The beer that goes its rounds, though unadulterated malt, may scarcely come up to the standard of English consumers. But then those who swallow it are not hypercritical, and the whisky that accompanies it, taken "neat" or in the form of toddy, is an infallible specific against weakness or acidity. The conversation neither drags nor is dull. There is abundance of that dry humour which Dean Ramsay illustrated so happily in his volumes of anecdote; and faces that seem hard and unsympathetic in repose pucker into an

infinity of laughter-twinkling wrinkles. Then come the speeches, when the cloth has been drawn and the tumblers set down, and when the steam from the circling jugs of toddy perfumes the apartment with its fragrance. The Lowland Scotch are not like the Southern races, natural orators. They have neither perorant eloquence of expression nor the graces of action and delivery. But there are many of them who with much self-composure have wit at will, whatever Sydney Smith may have said to the contrary. The speeches have generally more or less raciness, because the speakers have been selected for well-tried qualities. The laird or the farmer-host may be brilliant when on his legs or he may not; although, as he may be assumed to be on the best of terms with his guests, the matter of his remarks is pretty sure to recommend them. But the minister who is invited *ex officio* is a speaker by practice and profession; and though tediousness is apt to be his besetting sin, for the most part he keeps his finger on the pulses of his audience. As for the spokesman of the tenants or labourers, one may almost take it for granted that he is a "canty old carle" and a privileged character. Before he has cleared his throat for his opening words, the expectant listeners are already on the grin. They are looking out for the standing jokes which will set the roof-tree ringing with their shouts of laughter. But he is ready with telling surprises and improvised allusions as well, otherwise his speech would be comparatively a tame affair. If there is any point of difference between the laird and the tenants, he may be trusted to refer to it in terms at which it is impossible for the former to take reasonable offence. Indeed, combining business and pleasure with the national shrewdness, the "pawky" old gentleman may possibly take advantage of the fleeting hour of good-fellowship to drag the landlord on to delicate ground, and make him commit himself irretrievably before he knows where he is. He is great, too, upon the ladies of the family, and on their kin and cousinhood to the fifth degree. He remembers when the buxom mother of a comely offspring was brought to the property as a blooming bride; and he expresses abundance of sly good wishes for the matrimonial happiness of the young laird and his sisters. Then follows in due course the parish schoolmaster, who has had some appropriate toast confided to him, and who feels himself bound in honour to outshine his clerical superior. And there is the travelling representative of the local press, who keeps his hand in for this kind of thing by continual practice, and who has been recommended by his convivial gifts for the discharge of his responsible duties. By the time they all adjourn to the ball-room in the neighbouring loft, where half the lads and lasses of the parish have been impatiently awaiting their appearance, they are on the most genial terms with themselves and with each other. Then the glasses of toddy, sweet and strong, circulate in the intervals of reels and country dances; and although the company never breaks up till it is far into the small hours, yet, thanks to their seasoned heads, there are few sorrows for their awakening.

A propos to strong and seasoned heads, perhaps the most formidable test of these is a curling dinner. It is an old custom with the votaries of "the roaring game" to bet a dinner for the winners on the grand match of the winter between a couple of parishes or districts. The party may number ten or a dozen, and every man is in magnificent condition. Probably they are stalwart farmers from the Southern hills or the Highland border; men who are used to face all kinds of weather, with chests and limbs of imposing girth, and lungs of any amount of breathing power. The curling banquet consists invariably of beef and greens, so that they know exactly what they have to expect. When the gliding stones are no longer to be distinguished in the fast-thickening shadows of the December evening, they adjourn from the keenness of the frosty air into the light and warmth of the snug inn-parlour. The worsted mittens are flung aside with the wrappings that have enveloped their throats, for the hardiest Scotchmen are somewhat in the habit of enveloping necks that look like weather-beaten pine in comforters of fleecy woolen. In the exuberance of their health and strength, they seem almost too much of a society for the little room, but they shake down somehow into their places, in the very height of joviality and good-humour. They fight many a former battle over again to the vigorous accompaniment of the knives and forks; and then when they set in for serious drinking the curling reminiscences come fast and furious. It was said to be held as one of the indispensable qualifications of the crack performer that he could take off with absolute impunity his dozen of tumblers of the stiffest toddy; and, from what we have seen ourselves of this hard-headed race, we should imagine that most of them were equal to such an ordeal. As the evening goes on their brains get agreeably warmed, and the mounting flood of the animating spirit effectually dissipates any national reserve. Then song succeeds to song, with the interludes of jokes and stories. A different form of social meeting, although a no less pleasant one by all accounts, was the entertainment given by the parochial minister on the occasion of the half-yearly "preachings," when he was assisted by some of his brother clergymen, who were welcomed of course to the hospitality of the manse. We do not know how it may be nowadays, when the temperance propaganda has been disseminating itself far and wide, and pastors who live in a blaze of publicity are supposed to set special examples to their flocks. But we know that in the older times such a parochial *gaudemus* was matter of most agreeable retrospect for the lucky divines who assisted at it. It is notorious that no men were fonder of good living in a sober, Christian way than the parish ministers. The worthy Mr. Blathergowl, of *The Antiquary*, and who was in the habit of

dropping in at Monkbarns towards the dinner-hour, was a representative member of the ministerial caste; while the Rev. Josiah Cargill, the learned ascetic of *St. Ronan's Well*, was altogether an exception. And when a knot of these well-conditioned gentlemen came together on such a festive occasion, with no embarrassing admixture of the lay element, it may be supposed that they dropped restraint so far as was consistent with decorum, and made the most of so very exceptional an opportunity.

So it is with Scots all over the world. They can adapt themselves to their surrounding circumstances and society as well as most people. If they love the land of their birth, they have no hesitation in leaving it; they administer India and settle in the colonies, and make permanent homes in the place of their adoption; but they always keep a warm heart to the old country, and the habit of standing "shoulder to shoulder." They delight to awaken the familiar association by all manner of means, and seldom overlook one of those national anniversaries when old associations are brought home to one with peculiar force. We have never spent a cheerier Christmas eve than at the mess of a Highland regiment quartered in a remote foreign garrison, where geraniums were blooming under festoons of oranges. The materials of the homely Scottish cookery seem scarcely suited to the climate of Southern Spain, and still less to that of the plains of Hindostan. Yet for the sake of "auld lang syne" one is ready to run the risk of indigestion, and beginning with cock-a-leeky and an imitation of crapped heads, passes on from the singed sheep's-head to the haugis and the succulent marrow-bones. After this the old Highland whisky, handed round in silver-hooped quaighs, comes in as an admirable and almost indispensable corrective. One may object in ordinary circumstances, even in the open air, to the ear-piercing scream and clamour of the bagpipes, yet on occasion one can endure with something more than civil complacency the performance of the half-dozen of stalwart pipers that waken the echoes of the mess-room with their appalling din. When the patriotic toasts are given with Highland honours, you throw yourself heart and soul into the spirit of the hour, as you mount with the brimming glass in hand, one foot on a chair and the other on the table. And when you sing the closing staves of "Auld Lang Syne," in chorus, crossing hands along the round of the circle, and exchanging the "right good willy waught," you feel something more than a passing sentiment of hearty good-fellowship. In fine, Scotch national dinners are an institution deserving of encouragement and imitation, as refreshing old acquaintanceships, bringing countrymen of many conditions together, and laying the foundations of future friendships which may be serviceable as well as agreeable.

THE IRON TRADE IN GERMANY.

DURING the past five years the iron trade has been in collapse in every industrial country in the world. One of the causes of the depression from which we have so long been suffering is the excessive construction of railways which took place in the period that elapsed between the close of the American Civil War and the New York panic in September 1873. Governments of every degree of solvency, from the highest to the lowest, were eager to complete railway communications throughout their dominions, to open up undeveloped regions, to give new facilities to commerce, and to increase their offensive and defensive capacities. They raised great loans, therefore, and with the proceeds built new lines. Private trading Companies followed the example, and the result of this lavish expenditure seemed to be that, in Mr. Gladstone's words, "prosperity advanced by bounds and leaps." The iron trade in particular was stimulated. The greatest activity prevailed in the three years that immediately followed the Franco-German war. In that short period the price of iron was run up one hundred per cent. As a natural consequence new mines were opened wherever the ore could be found, and immense capitals were sunk in new mills and forges, and in enlarging existing works and equipping them with improved machinery. The opening of the Suez Canal gave a fresh impetus to the trade. For the navigation of the Canal a special type of vessel was required, and the reconstruction of the mercantile marine of the principal commercial countries added to the extravagant demand for iron which the railway mania had created. At last the failure of the credit of the poorer borrowers, the scandalous frauds with which their loans were accompanied, the excessive rise in the price of both iron and coal, and the too rapid lock-up of capital in forms not readily realizable, brought the inflation period to a sudden end. The panic in Vienna five and a half years ago was the signal that the pace had been exhausting. The demand for iron suddenly fell off, but the mines and the foundries opened had to be kept going, if their owners were not to be ruined, and so production rapidly outstripped consumption. Prices have been steadily falling ever since, until now they are below the level of 1868—not only, that is, has the whole advance of the inflation period been lost, but the fall has gone still lower. In Germany there were special causes tending to exaggerate the influences that we have been describing. The payment of the five milliards enabled the Imperial and the State Governments to spend immense sums on fortresses and armaments, in redeeming debt, and upon public works. The outlay upon the latter, chiefly railways, directly swelled the demand for iron. The redemption of debt indirectly had the same effect. It returned into the hands of capitalists money of which

they had no immediate need, and which, therefore, they desired to invest again. But legitimate investments for such large sums did not exist; and, in consequence, a wild speculation was fostered. In particular, the number of establishments for extracting ore and for making iron and steel, as well as of those for converting the metal into finished products, was augmented on a scale which could only be profitable if the consumption never fell off. The inevitable reaction came, and it proved severe in proportion to the former inflation. German statistics are exceedingly defective; but there is no doubt that during the past five years the discharge of workpeople employed in the iron industry has been inordinately great, and that a very large proportion of the forges, engineering shops, and foundries has been closed. Perhaps the best evidence of the prostration of the industry is furnished by the depreciation of the shares of Iron Companies. It was stated lately in the *Times* that between April 1873 and April 1877—four years, that is—the capital of one Company had depreciated from £10,000,000. to £43,000,000.; that of another from £50,000,000. to £60,500,000.; and that of a third from £2,070,000. to £100,000. It is added that, of thirty-two Companies, with an aggregate capital of fifteen millions sterling, only six received a dividend in 1876.

This state of things, as every reader is aware, is common to all Europe and America. It was said by the *Times* that the depression is greater in Germany than elsewhere. Possibly it may be so; but such assertions are extremely difficult of proof or disproof. In either case an exhaustive inquiry into a vast multitude of details which are absolutely unknown is necessary. The comparative depreciation of shares is no guide, for prices are always better sustained in a rich country where savings are large every year, and where the demand for investment is great and continuous, than in a poor country where savings are small. Neither is the discharge of workpeople, or the closing of mills, or blowing out of furnaces, a test. Employers dismiss their staffs and stop their machinery only as a last resort. They know that they will not easily get together again skilled workpeople who have once been dispersed, and upon idle machinery there is dead loss as well as certain deterioration. Holding out, therefore, is not so much a question of the badness of trade as of the largeness of resources. We should naturally expect that English ironmasters would wear out their German competitors. But whether the conditions of the trade are, or are not, worse in Germany than elsewhere, it is very probable that the suffering has been greater, simply because of the general backwardness of the country. Germany, too, labours under very serious disadvantages in the competition into which she has entered. Her conscription annually takes away from industrial pursuits the flower of the country's manhood, and keeps them with the colours for three years. It interrupts their industrial training at the most critical age, and thus renders it difficult, if not impossible, for them to acquire thorough skill. Moreover, Germany has not the abundant loanable capital which in this country accommodates trade and manufactures, and facilitates the expansion and re-equipment of a growing concern. The rate of interest is higher, and consequently the profits must be larger than here. Neither has she an unfailing supply of skilled labour and of cheap machinery. There appears to be no doubt that the German machinery is very inferior to the English and American. Furthermore, the German coal is not equal to the English coal. During the past three years energetic efforts have been made to force Westphalian coal into general use. It has been adopted in the German Imperial navy, and by some of the trading Companies. But patriotic preference does not alter facts. The German iron-ore itself, too, is poor and coarse, unsuited for the manufacture of the higher kinds of iron and steel. The greater part of the metal worked up in Germany is imported from England and Scotland. In the nature of things it is not to be expected that Germany should buy the raw material of her iron manufacture in this country, carry it home, then make it up, and again send it abroad, and undersell our manufacturers. The geographical position of the country, the distance of the greater part of it from the sea, and her backward maritime development forbid it. What she has done in spite of her manifold disadvantages is a striking testimony to the enterprise, energy, fertility of resource, and inventiveness of her people. But it is impossible that she can permanently maintain the competition.

The depressed state of the industry has given rise to an agitation for the revival of Protection. Three years ago the import duties on iron were repealed; and the majority of those engaged in the trade now contend that all their sufferings are due to that measure. As we have already pointed out, the prostration extends to all countries, those with practically prohibitive tariffs as well as those which levy no duties. The protectionists, however, shut their eyes to this patent fact, and dwell upon the disadvantages under which they labour as compared with their English competitors. The argument is conclusive against themselves, for these disadvantages render it impossible that they should ever compete on equal terms with this country, and a perpetual protection would promise no national benefits. Nevertheless, the argument carries away the crowd. Protectionist proclivities are rampant in every branch of trade in Germany. People refuse to see that the evils from which they are suffering, so far as they are the effect of purely economical causes, have been brought about by increasing the producing power in a period of inflation on the assumption that the demand and the prices then ruling would be permanent, and that when prices have fallen to one-half profitable working is no longer practicable. They accordingly cry out for protection from foreign competition. Apparently Prince Bismarck is

ready to humour them. He is not a Protectionist, but he needs a larger Imperial revenue, and all his efforts to get it hitherto have failed. He hopes to succeed by the aid of the Protectionists. Some time ago, in reply to Herr von Varnbühler, he stated in a letter which was duly made public that he intended to propose a revision of the Customs tariff, and that the preparatory labours had been begun. He added that he should not advise negotiations for the renewal of the commercial treaties until the question was settled. This letter did not necessarily imply a protective policy. The Prince Chancellor might have contemplated only such an increase as would have given him the augmentation of revenue that he desires. A second letter, addressed to the Federal Council, has, however, removed all doubt. Prince Bismarck recommends the appointment by the Council of a Committee to examine the results of all the industrial and commercial inquiries now being held or lately completed for the purpose of remodelling the tariff in accordance with the conclusions arrived at. The tenor of his language shows that he intends to gratify the Protectionists to some extent at least. The Free-traders, on their side, are not idle. They have begun to organize themselves, and the approaching Session of the *Reichstag* is likely to see an obstinate fight on the matter. But the success of the Government and the Protectionists is only too probable. This retrograde policy on the part of Germany removes to the distant future the prospect that once seemed so fair of the spread over Europe of Free-trade principles. Reaction in Austria and Italy might be counteracted, but when triumphing in Germany it yields an authority which will be felt all over the Continent. As regards the iron trade, it is evident that matters will be made worse than ever if a duty is imposed on all iron imported. At present much more English and Scotch than native iron is worked up in the forges, foundries, and engineering shops of Germany. The addition of a duty would make the cost of manufacture so great as to put competition totally out of the question. The probability thus is that only the finished product will be taxed, and that the rate will be calculated to close the home market against this country.

THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

DURING the siege of Paris the Théâtre Français was turned into a hospital by the leading actresses and actors of the *Maison de Molière*, who, when the time of the Commune came, experienced the usual gratitude of democrats, or, in other words, were in considerable danger. Probably this alone would not have caused them to quit Paris; but the poorer members of the company were in sore straits from the cessation of their salaries; so some of the principal performers formed the excellent resolution of coming to London to make money, wherewith to aid their impoverished brethren. Accordingly Mlle. Favart, Mlle. Jouassain, Mme. Provost-Pousin, Mlle. Emilie Dubois, Mlle. Royer, and MM. Got, Delaunay, Bressant, Coquelin, Barré, Garraud, and others came to this capital—almost all, we believe, for the first time—and established themselves in the London Opéra Comique. What followed is well remembered. Most Londoners knew but very little of the great theatre of the Rue Richelieu, and as the ladies and gentlemen of the Comédie very rightly disdained to puff or to largely advertise their performances, their audiences at first were small. The extraordinary merit of the acting was however soon discovered, after a time people began to flock to the Opéra Comique, and during the latter part of the stay of the French company every night was a triumph. When order was re-established in Paris, the members of the Comédie had forthwith to return, and they went away all too soon for their many admirers; but it was generally said that another visit might be hoped for. Up to the present time, however, it has been found that this could not be arranged. The Théâtre Français is regarded as a national institution in France, and, being subsidized, is to some extent under State control, so that the leading actresses and actors cannot absent themselves in a body without official permission, which, naturally enough, has not hitherto been given. Now, however, it seems likely that this may be obtained, and that the whole of this goodly company may come to London. The Théâtre Français is to be closed for repairs in June next, and the *sociétaires* appear to have entertained the idea of crossing the Channel, and of bringing with them all the other actresses and actors attached to the Comédie Française, so that the plays given may be rendered with the same even perfection which characterizes the performances on the classic stage in Paris. A project which promises so much to all who have any feeling for dramatic art is sure to be well received and supported; and there can be little doubt that a second visit from the Comédie would be even more successful than was the previous one. The whole body of *sociétaires* and *pensionnaires* are to come this time; and, as the reputation which they enjoy in France will be known from the beginning, they will not have to act to thin audiences until playgoers have found them out.

In the list which has been given of those who are likely to come now the names of three who came before are wanting. M. Bressant no longer treads the famous stage on which, in so many characters, he was beyond rivalry; and Mlles. Royer and Dubois have been dead for some time. Otherwise, those who were in London before will come to London now, should the proposed scheme succeed. MM. Got and Delaunay, for whom English audiences seemed to feel a kind of personal friendship, will once more be seen

in London in *Le Gendre de M. Poirier* and in *On ne badine pas avec l'amour*. It is hardly necessary to say that they are, beyond all doubt or dispute, the two greatest actors now living. M. Got, at present the Doyen of the Théâtre Français, is one of those rare performers who, inimitable in comedy, also possess the power of indicating deep feeling and emotion with admirable truth and force. M. Delaunay has a passion and fire on the stage far beyond that of other actors, and has lately extended his range, as, after many years of success in the most difficult impersonations that can be attempted, he has taken some of the characters left vacant by the retirement of M. Bressant. He now plays Alceste in *Le Misanthrope*, Gaston de Presles in *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*, Octave in *Les Caprices de Marianne*, and Le Duc de Richelieu in *Mlle. de Belle Isle*, which were among the other actor's most famous parts. Of M. Delaunay's performance in *La Nuit d'Octobre* and in *On ne badine pas avec l'amour* we have often spoken. Rarely can any player have produced so profound an effect on an audience as he did when performing *Perdican* in the latter play on the last night when the actors of the Comédie Française appeared in London.

M. Febvre, who now has a very high reputation in Paris, and M. Coquelin, always good in comic parts, and not without considerable power in serious ones, will again appear before English audiences, doubtless with the same success as before; and MM. Barré and Garraud, who bring much dramatic ability to the interpretation of secondary characters, will also be seen for the second time. Besides the performers who have been named, five actors of great merit—MM. Mounet-Sully, Maubant, Laroche, Thiron, and Worms—who did not visit England on the first occasion, will come on the second; and, on the whole, the male portion of the company will, in spite of the loss of M. Bressant, be considerably stronger than it was when the greatly-admired representations were given at the Opéra Comique.

There are now at the great French theatre four leading actresses who will form part of the company which is to visit England. On the previous occasion the burden of the day fell on Mlle. Favart, who had to act all the very trying parts. Now, besides the name of that lady, those of Mlle. Croizette, Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, and Mlle. Madeleine Brohan, appear on the list, so that English playgoers will have an opportunity of seeing the extraordinary performance of *Le Sphinx* by Mlle. Croizette, which produces so great an effect on a highly critical audience, and will also, it is to be hoped, see Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt as Phèdre—one of the few impersonations in classic tragedy which has in our time been found to produce a deep impression. Mlle. Favart, who has played comparatively little of late in Paris, will no doubt repeat that representation of the Muse in *La Nuit d'Octobre* which charmed so many when she first came to that capital; and Mlle. Madeleine Brohan, who, though she has acted in London, was not with the performers of the Comédie Française when they were here before, will probably appear as the treacherous baroness in *Il ne faut jurer de Rien*. Besides the ladies who have been named, Mlle. Reichemberg, the most graceful of all *ingénues*, will dare the terrors of the English climate.

It will be seen, then, that the company of actresses and actors who are to come amongst us is a strong one, even for the Théâtre Français, and well able to render perfectly the masterpieces of the French stage. Some of these are, as need hardly be said, to be given, together with a considerable number of plays which, though not perhaps masterpieces, are better by very many degrees than the pieces which English theatres usually offer to playgoers. The French actors intend apparently to make use of a great part of their repertory, and not a little remarkable is the number of the pieces which can be chosen from; for it seems indeed singular that one set of players, however accomplished, should have so many dramas at their command. From the statement which has been made respecting the probable performances of this company, it appears that they will be able when in London to select from some fifty pieces, any one of which, it may be presumed, can be acted after slight rehearsal. Out of this number twenty-six plays have apparently been fixed on as likely to please English audiences, and the list is, on the whole, a satisfactory one, though it will probably have to undergo considerable change, as some of the pieces included will have but little interest for playgoers on this side of the Channel, while some works are omitted which would be almost certain to succeed here. That long and rather dull comedy, *Le Marquis de la Seignière*, George Sand's didactic *Marquis de Villemer*, and *Le Supplice d'une Femme* will, if acted in London, probably be acted to very unsympathetic audiences. The last play, it should be observed, is described in the prospectus as being written by M. Dumas fils. This famous writer has analysed the sufferings of so many women that it was perhaps not unnatural to ascribe this play to him; but, as a matter of fact, it was written by M. Émile de Girardin, who sought to enforce a moral in it as to the precise nature of which considerable doubt still exists, though opinions on the literary merits of the play have been expressed with well-founded confidence. These pieces might well be struck out of the list, and others which should certainly be performed while the Comédie Française is in London substituted for them. Strange to say, amongst the plays which have seemingly been specially chosen for representation, not a single classical tragedy is to be found; and though most of what the French consider as unapproachable masterpieces would not be likely to please audiences here, surely that magnificent drama of Racine's which has been mentioned should be given, with the part of Phèdre interpreted by the genius of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt. Amongst modern works, several can be named which do not appear in

the list above spoken of, but which should certainly be acted by the company which represents the great French theatre. M. Émile Augier's *L'Aventurière*, Alfred de Musset's exquisite one-act piece *Un Caprice*, Balzac's *Mercadet*, and Leon Lay's *Duc Job* should undoubtedly be given.

It was, however, hardly to be expected that mistakes would be avoided in the attempt to determine what French pieces were best suited for the English capital. Alterations can easily be made, and no doubt will be made; and it should be said that some of the works proposed will probably be found in the highest degree attractive. Of the modern dramas mentioned, the most remarkable are *Hernani*, *Adrienne Lecourteur*, and the three of Alfred de Musset's plays which were performed during the previous visit of the actors of the Théâtre Français to London. In *Hernani* M. Bressant will no doubt be missed by those who have seen his impersonation of Charles V.; but happily M. Maubant still remains to act Ruy Gomez, and the picture which he gives of the old Spanish nobleman who shields the man he has most reason to hate sooner than dishonour his house by surrendering a fugitive never fails to leave a deep impression on his audiences. Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt's fine performance of *Dom Sol* has been described before now in these columns. Amongst the classical pieces the most successful will probably be *L'Avare*, with M. Got as Harpagon, and *Le Misanthrope*, with M. Delaunay in the great part of Alceste, which formerly was in another method admirably rendered by M. Bressant. Amongst the smaller pieces which are to be acted there is one which will possibly be found to have quite as great an effect on English audiences as works of a more exalted order. This is *Delphine de Girardin's* very pretty little play, *La joie fait peur*. Nothing can be simpler than the plot of this tiny drama; and indeed before the first scene is over it is easy to foresee what will happen. Yet, owing to the force and exquisite grace with which it is written, and the touching nature of the principal incident, it rarely fails to enthral, and has drawn the tears of a good many placid people who never thought that they could so commit themselves in a theatre. The leading character in the piece, an old servant, was originally acted by M. Regnier, and was one of his most famous impersonations. He has now been succeeded by M. Got, perhaps the one actor who was capable of taking his place in the part. Emilie Dubois and the beautiful Delphine Fix, who represented the two young ladies who appear in the piece, are both dead, but M. Delaunay still performs the part which he undertook when the play was first produced in 1854, though probably this fact will not be believed by those who see him in it. Of other pieces in which he and his fellows appear we hope to speak at a future time.

REVIEWS.

THROUGH ASIATIC TURKEY.*

M. R. GRATTAN GEARY, the editor of the *Times of India*, being on his way to England last March, determined to come here by a route which is very little known, but which, to Englishmen interested in India and in the future relations of England to the East, is very well worth traversing and describing. He went by sea from Kurrachee to Bussorah, near the mouth of the Shat-el-Arab, the river formed by the junction of the Euphrates and the Tigris, and thence by steamer up the Tigris to Bagdad. From Bagdad he rode to Alexandretta on the Mediterranean, and it is the part of his journey which he did on horseback that furnished him with materials for a valuable and interesting book. Any one who looks at the map will discover that the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan, apart from the Arabian peninsula, consist of three divisions—Asia Minor, Syria, and the vast district watered by the lower Euphrates and by the Tigris. The fate of Syria may probably be determined by France as much as by England, and therefore, when we speak of the region in which the Turks are to work reforms and which England is to guarantee, we mean practically Asia Minor and the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris. What Captain Burnaby did for his countrymen by riding, and giving an account of his ride, through the first of these regions, Mr. Geary has done with regard to the second. The two works present many similarities. They are both written by men who tried to learn all they could as to the districts they were traversing, who had a vivid apprehension of the imminence of Russian conquests, who respected and liked the Turks, and who minutely noticed and recorded every incident about every horse that they rode and every servant with whom they got on ill or well. This voluminous description of the ordinary events of a riding tour possesses only a moderate amount of interest for the reader at home. But it must be remembered that the writers of such books are necessarily the writers of guide-books, as they are going over a new route which other Englishmen may presumably wish to follow, and for other travellers no description of horses, servants, and inns can be too minute. Perhaps even for this purpose Captain Burnaby's work was needlessly diffuse, while of Mr. Geary's book it may be said that, although it reaches the limits of legitimate prolixity, it does not overstep them. Captain Burnaby, again, is

* *Through Asiatic Turkey: Narrative of a Journey from Bombay to the Bosphorus.* By Grattan Geary, Editor of the "Times of India." London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.

perhaps the more lively writer, but Mr. Geary is the more instructive. It is difficult to see how a traveller could have made a better use of his time in travelling than Mr. Geary made; and his volumes not only deserve to be attentively read, but will be used as a standard book of reference.

It is the peculiarity of this second division of the Sultan's Asiatic dominions that there is nothing in them except the Euphrates and the Tigris, and that on the Tigris alone is there anything like wealth and civilization. The banks of the Euphrates are a blank so far as settled inhabitants and industry are concerned. Both rivers are singularly shallow; but the Tigris is the deeper of the two, and is navigable from Bagdad downwards by vessels drawing four or five feet of water. Above Bagdad the ascending traveller goes north and then nearly west to Diarbekir, which is not far from the source. If he turns thence towards the Mediterranean, he strikes further westward and reaches the Euphrates at Birjek, and thence passes by Aleppo to Alexandretta. Mr. Geary's journey may therefore be conveniently regarded as consisting of two parts, that in which he travelled along the Tigris and that in which he proceeded from the Tigris to the Mediterranean. With the condition of things at Bagdad Mr. Geary was fairly well satisfied, for he found there a resolute Turkish Governor and a still more resolute Turkish Chief of the Police, and they really did something towards making life secure. But when he proposed to leave Bagdad, and announced his intention of going along the route of the Tigris to Diarbekir, the strongest protestations were made against so rash an undertaking. There was, by all accounts, no safety even a mile or two out of Bagdad. Even if the Arabs only robbed him and did not kill him, the Kurds would not be likely to treat him equally well. He was strongly advised to go through Persia, which was better governed, and where he could find a short and tolerably safe route to the Russian frontier. But Mr. Geary had come to see, not Russia or Persia, but Turkey, and through Turkey he would go. Probably the expedition that Mr. Geary had determined to make would not be at any time a very easy or safe one; but its difficulties and dangers had been seriously aggravated by the war, as the district had been denuded of troops, and the robbers enjoyed more than ordinary license. Mr. Geary left Bagdad for Mosul on the 21st of April, armed with an order from the Pasha for the supply of post-horses, and escorted by a zaptieh. On the first appearance of Arabs the zaptieh at once ran away, without the slightest attempt to warn, guide, or protect his employer. Nor was this regarded by him as any dereliction of duty. The only safe course with Arabs is to run away from them, and the zaptieh considered that he was simply giving Mr. Geary a sharp and useful lesson in an indispensable art. The Kurds were supposed to be even worse than the Arabs; but Mr. Geary reached without misadventure Mosul, on the bank of the Tigris, opposite to the site of Nineveh. Whatever is worth seeing of what once was Nineveh Mr. Geary explored under the guidance of a nephew of Hormusd Rassan, the well-known pupil in excavation of Sir Henry Layard. Mosul is situated at the head of the navigable waters of the Tigris, and, as Mr. Geary thinks, whoever holds military possession of Mosul will become the possessor, sooner or later, of the whole valley of the river and of the Shat-el-Arab, down to the Persian Gulf. When the waters are at their average height, troops and munitions of war can be floated down with the current on rafts or in barges to Bagdad in from three to five days, while a force could not be moved against Mosul from Bagdad at all by water, and would take a fortnight to march by the land route.

Mosul in its turn is commanded by Diarbekir, which is higher up the stream, and was the next point to which Mr. Geary made his way. In fact, the thought that pervaded Mr. Geary's mind waking or sleeping was, Who is to get hold of Diarbekir? As things are at present there is no local obstacle whatever to Russia taking it when she pleases. The Christian population in Mosul, and generally in the valley of the Tigris, is torn by intestine dissensions, and would at any rate not oppose Russia, even if its possible opposition to any one could be regarded as of any importance. The Kurds are not to be trusted. As Mr. Geary puts it, they might probably be hostile to the Russians, but it is by no means certain that they would not aid them. At the time when Mr. Geary was in those parts even the Mussulmans were entirely cowed, and firmly believed that the Russians had made the Sultan enter into an alliance with them. The whole distance from Bayazid, if Russia was once there, is only three hundred miles, and there are no forts that could give the invaders any trouble. It is, in short, as Mr. Geary wishes his countrymen to understand, England and England alone that can prevent the occupation of Diarbekir, which commands Mosul, which commands Bagdad, which commands the Persian Gulf. But how is England to get to Diarbekir and Mosul and Bagdad in sufficient strength and in a time sufficiently short to oppose a Russian invasion? There is, answers Mr. Geary, one mode of securing this and one only. England must see that all these places are connected with the Mediterranean by a railway.

According to his ideas, the railway which ought to be made is one from Alexandretta to Bagdad, passing for the greater part of the distance along the valley, not of the Euphrates, but of the Tigris. This scheme, which Mr. Geary says was suggested by Colonel Hamilton, but which is generally coupled with the name of Mr. Latham, involves a greater length of line than would be necessary if the railway followed the course of the Euphrates; but all the civilization and wealth that exists at present is in the Tigris valley, and so are the strategic positions which the railway is intended to secure. The distance is eight hundred miles, and the outlay, if taken at 7,500/- per mile, would be six millions sterling. What Mr. Geary contends is, that in itself the line would pay, and that

it is an indispensable barrier to the southward progress of Russia. He is content to omit from consideration the possible utility of the line as offering an alternative route to India. His main position is that the line would, if viewed as a local line, pay investors. Whether the English public after its many sad experiences would believe this it is difficult to say. It is easy to count up the population of the different towns on the route, and to estimate the possible development of resources. But the development of resources is a dream of the future, and the population of remote Turkish towns is likely to be of the character which does not greatly feed traffic. To remove uncertainty, however, Mr. Geary suggests that the towns and districts to be benefited should join in giving a guarantee of interest. Claims on Turkish municipalities are not a very alluring form of guarantee, and English investors are not now in the humour to take a very rosy view of the prospects of a loan in a distant, wild, and difficult country. What Mr. Geary says as to the strategic value of the line is much more convincing; and it is not easy to see how his main position is to be contested, that nothing but a railway could enable England to repel intending aggressors on the valley of the Tigris. After the point in his narrative when he reaches Diarbekir, the chief interest in Mr. Geary's story comes to an end, for he was obliged to make his way as rapidly as he could to the coast in order to catch a steamer. He embarked at Alexandretta on May 17th, having spent rather less than a month in carrying successfully to an end an expedition which no doubt repaid him for what it cost him in the way of fatigue, discomfort, and some little anxiety, and which his readers have every reason to be glad that he took for their benefit.

Perhaps the most interesting part of Mr. Geary's work is that in which he recounts, on the authority of a Turkish politician, the history of the mission sent by the Sultan in 1877 to Cabul. The Turkish Envoy was charged to explain to the Ameer that, in the interests of the whole Mahomedan world, he ought to side with the English and against the Russians. He dwelt on the absence of motives which could prompt the English to annex Afghanistan. They would get nothing out of the country, and, on the contrary, would be poorer by having so profitless a possession. They could not want more soldiers, and in any case would not care to have soldiers whom they could trust so little as coerced Afghans; and their recent treatment of the native princes of India showed that they would not annex even when annexation promised to pay. The Ameer replied that he was not in any way hostile to England; but the British Government was pressing upon him, and he did not wish to be caught unprepared. The English had already taken Quetta, and established a force there looking on at Candahar. "If," asked the Ameer, "an armed man places himself at the back door of your house, what can his motive be unless he wants to find his way in when you are asleep?" The Turkish Envoy replied that the occupation of Quetta might be attributed to a wish to keep the Belooches quiet; that Candahar could do the English no good; and that, even if Quetta had been occupied without much consideration for the Ameer's feelings, that was no justification of the course taken by the Ameer in playing into the hands of the Russians, who were the enemies of Islam. Instead of regarding them in this light, the Ameer had quite recently received two, if not three, Russian Envoys, and had actually sent one himself to Tashkend; while five thousand Russian soldiers had approached the Afghan frontier near Balk. Shere Ali replied that he had not shown any special favour to Russia; he had received the Envoys in question simply because the Russian frontier was now so near his own, and it was necessary for him to know what the Russians were doing. The five thousand Russians had come near his frontier without warning, and he wanted to find out why they were sent there. He sent an Envoy to Tashkend in order at once to find out this and to be civil to General Kaufmann. The Turkish Envoy asked why he did not receive an English Envoy as well as a Russian. He answered that the English could have a native Envoy whenever they pleased, and that he had personally no objection whatever to having Englishmen in Cabul representing their Government, but that the Afghans were not civilized beings like the Turks, and would probably shoot an English Envoy, and then he would be held responsible. As he modestly said, "he had only partially succeeded in making the wilder sort of people obedient and well behaved." The Turkish Envoy then suggested that he should help the Sultan against the Russians, to which he answered that he could not resist the Russians single-handed, and that in a contest with Russia neither could the Sultan help him nor he the Sultan; and if the English were supposed to be willing to protect him and the Sultan, why had they not helped the Sultan when the war was going on and their help could easily have been given? The reply of the Turkish Envoy to this question was not part of the information given to Mr. Geary.

MILTON'S POEMS FOR STUDENTS.*

Cui bono? is indeed the question which suggests itself, not cynically, but curiously, when one sees a new annotated edition of Milton's poetical works announced. The assumption must be that somebody wants it, but who is that somebody? Since Mr. Masson, in addition to his biographical and historical labours, has brought out editions of these poems in almost every

* *The Poetical Works of John Milton.* Edited, with Notes, Explanatory and Philological, by John Bradshaw, M.A., LL.D., &c. 2 vols. London: Allen & Co. 1878.

shape desirable by the enterprise and ingenuity of his publishers—for library, tea-table, and travelling-bag—the scholar and the general reader are hardly in need of any new edition, unless it should add notably to existing accumulations. Again, the Clarendon Press has provided the youthful student with two admirable little volumes, in which he will find in a compact form most of what he is likely to require for his needs. Still, in these days of examinations, competitive and other, when the distribution of knowledge in a portable shape occupies so many minds, and when half the world seems engaged in helping the other half rapidly to acquire in order rapidly to reproduce, it would be rash offhand to pronounce any edition of an author within the reach of examiners to be altogether superfluous. Dr. Bradshaw, who has some experience of examinations in both West and East, has reprinted Milton's poetical works in what he calls a handy, and what certainly is a handsome form, and with a large quantity of notes, stowed well away (on that deplorable principle which so many publishers seem sworn to maintain) from the texts to which they belong. His edition is, we are told, designed to be a "Students' Edition"; but as there is no copyright in this description, and as it has been affixed to countless editions, good, bad, and indifferent, so it fails to disclose what peculiar features the book before us may possess.

Whether or not, however, Dr. Bradshaw's book has a character, it appears at least to possess a history, of its own. The notes to *Paradise Lost*, as the preface informs us, "were published in Madras from time to time during the last seven years, for the use of students for the First Examination in Arts in the University of Madras," and "are now reprinted with very slight revision." For the latter statement we would venture to vouch, in so far at least as the troublesome trifle of Greek accents is concerned. We confess that to us there is something physically disagreeable in such monstrosities as *καρπίκτης* and *ἀνάλεγαπενος*, and the notes to the second of these volumes contain quite a collection of them. We are necessarily unacquainted with the particular needs of the students at Madras University, and with the particular requirements of the examinations they are invited to pass; but it seems to have occurred to Dr. Bradshaw that his notes on *Paradise Lost*, having been originally put together "for those whose mother-tongue is not English, would be found adapted to foreigners or general readers possessing but a limited acquaintance with the language and literature." One would have thought that what readers of this description require would be, above all, some succinct information as to the general history of the poem they are studying for the first time, and terse explanations and illustrations of the linguistic peculiarities and difficulties which may occur in it. But Dr. Bradshaw, who devotes seven good-sized pages to the discussion of the well-worried form *its*, allows the poem, as such, to speak for itself. He does not say whether his notes on the remaining poems had a similar origin; they are certainly not, so far as we have observed, distinguished from those on *Paradise Lost* by any superior degree of freshness or fulness. On the other hand, to most of the minor poems something is vouchsafed by way of an introductory note, such as does not appear to have been desiderated at Madras in the case of the great epic, which doubtless candidates are there, in the approved University of London fashion, accustomed to study piecemeal. These quasi-introductions are, to be sure, as meagre as anything of the kind we can remember to have come across; in the case of *Comus*, for instance, we should have hardly thought it possible for the most self-restraining of editors to say so little. We are indeed reminded of the fact that this *Mask* "was the greatest as well as the most considerable poem Milton had yet written, or, in fact, did write before *Paradise Lost*." Here, we suppose, the adjective "considerable," into which some modern writers are wont to put so vast a depth of meaning, simply signifies "long"; and the statement is entirely correct. When, however, Dr. Bradshaw adds, with doubtful elegance of expression, that "masques were just then the rage; Prynne's *Histrionastix*, or satire on theatrical performances (1633), had made them more popular than ever, especially at the Court," it may be hinted that Prynne's formidable invective (which, by the by, was published in 1632, though dated 1633) is not very well described as a "satire on theatrical performances." The question as to its effect is an interesting one. So far as masks are concerned, there appear to have been none at Court at the Christmas of 1633-4; but Dr. Bradshaw has Whitelocke's authority (cited by Collier) for the supposition that the mask exhibited by the Inns of Court in the following February was intended in defiance of Prynne's "new learning"; and there ensued, as he states, the performance at Court of another mask, in which the King and several of the nobility, including the two sons of the Earl of Bridgewater, took part. The introductory note to *Lycidas* is swelled by a quotation from Hallam, as is that to *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, as to which poems the editor also has to say on his own account that, "If Milton had written nothing else, &c."

It is certainly not in these introductions, or in such other information concerning Milton and his poems as belongs to literary or historical biography, that the strength of this "Student's Edition" is to be sought. If the reader wishes for instruction in these directions, he must go elsewhere, or remain content with such a note as the following—a model of brevity, at all events—on the lines in *Samson Agonistes*:

But he, though blind of sight,
Despised, and thought extinguished quite,
With inward eyes illuminated.

"Just what Milton considered himself to be"—and, as Dr. Bradshaw will surely allow with regard to the first line, undoubtedly was. As to his texts, the editor proceeds on a principle reasonable enough for his purpose, but which, of course, leaves them without any special value for critical purposes. "As regards the spelling," he says, "it is that of the present day, except where it is rather the word itself that has undergone a change, or is now represented by another, and not the mere spelling—then often at the caprice of the printer. So, too, with the punctuation." The last clause of this paragraph, though perhaps deficient in transparency, would seem to imply that the punctuation adopted in this edition is that of the present day. There is no classic with whom such a course is more justifiable than it is with Milton. Few authors, as Mr. Masson has shown in one of his excursions, have been so deliberately indifferent to punctuation as Milton was before the days of his blindness; and, after these had set in, he was at course at the mercy of his printers. It would seem, however, to follow from this that an editor such as Mr. Masson may be fairly allowed to alter the printing of his text when he assigns good reason for the change; and we think Dr. Bradshaw hardly justified in observing, in a note on *Paradise Regained*, I. 297, that "suggested improvements," even in punctuation, "should be confined to the editor's notes," and taking Professor Masson to task for making better sense and syntax of the passage in question by the addition and the transposition of comma.

As to Dr. Bradshaw's own notes, so far as we have been able to examine them, they appear to us to reveal little if any originality of research. It is of course both right and unavoidable that an editor of Milton's Poems, on which so many previous scholars have bestowed time and labour, should be *alieni appetens*, so long as, like Dr. Bradshaw, he is conscientious in his acknowledgments; but we have rarely met with one who, with relatively so much space at his command, seems so little inclined to be *sui profusus*. This modesty is likely to perplex the student, especially when he is left to choose between two equally possible explanations, as those of the phrase "Every shepherd tells his tale," in *L'Allegro*. Why, if he disapproves of Mr. Masson's suggested explanation of "the two-handed engine" in *Lycidas* as "far-fetched" (which we certainly think it is), should he quote it at length? On the other hand, when he refers to both the interpretations of the lines to Melancholy in *Il Penseroso*:

Thee, bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore,

he leaves out what is necessary for the elucidation of one of them. For our part, we prefer Warton's explanation; but when Mr. Browne says that "Milton's Melancholy is the offspring of Retirement and Culture," he points out not only that "Vesta, or Hestia, was the goddess of the hearth," i.e. of domesticity or retirement, but that to Saturn "is attributed the origin of civilization." Dr. Bradshaw's readers are left to find out for themselves how Saturn and Culture are connected. In the note on "monumental oak" in the same poem Dr. Bradshaw quotes the explanations of the epithet given by preceding editors, but is content to think that "monumental" means simply "massive." In the last line but one of *Lycidas* Dr. Bradshaw is also exceptionally inclined to be independent. He conjectures that there must be some allegorical allusion in the choice of the colour *blue*, and cites from Fairfax a passage descriptive of the language of colours, in which it is said that "Blue kept his faith unstained." But though blue is the colour of constancy, this quality could hardly be in the poet's mind when making his shepherd prepare for change; and undoubtedly "blue" is here only the ordinary colour of the shepherd's dress, which Mr. Hales states it to be in the quotation given by Dr. Bradshaw; see also *The Shepherd's Calendar*, where the shepherds are in mourning, and

The blew is black, the greene in gray is tinct.

In a note on another passage (*Paradise Lost*, IV., 542) we think that Dr. Bradshaw successfully defends his own view, and with it the good sense of Milton, against the notes of Mr. Keightley and Mr. Masson.

For the rest, Dr. Bradshaw's notes err sometimes on the side of incompleteness, and at other times on that of superfluity. Of the latter class are the comment on the line:—

And Laughter holding both his sides.

"Holding both his sides"—a proverbial expression applied to excessive laughter; the remark on the epithet "silver-buskined" given to the wood nymphs in the *Arcades*, that "Diana and her nymphs wore buskins"; and the explanation of the term "dragon" applied in *Comus* to "the womb of Stygian darkness"—"Dragon, Poetical for horrible." Incomplete, for the purpose of any student whatever, we must consider such notes as the following, which are probably intended to be both "philological" and "explanatory"—terms, doubtless, not always synonymous. This is on the form "mickle":—"Muck; mickle and muckle are in common use in Scotland; 'ch' and 'k' are akin." This last appears to us an obscure if not confused statement; but under what influence, it might have been of more advantage to inquire, was the change brought about? The phrase "How chance" is explained as "How does it chance? an idiomatic use of *chance*, common in Shakespeare," from whom a few instances of the phrase "How chance?" are accordingly cited. But what is the nature of this idiomatic use? Is "chance" here used adverbially, or is it a contraction of the verbal "chances"? Where "the dreaded name of Demogorgon" is correctly explained to mean "Demogorgon himself," surely this usage might have been illustrated with equal

ease and advantage. Nor is it of much profit to inform the student that "damask" means "variegated," or "ambrosial," "immortal," without giving him some clue as to the origin of these adjectives.

In matters of pronunciation and scanning Dr. Bradshaw's guidance does not strike us as invariably efficient. It is indeed impossible to find fault with his advice to pronounce the last word in the passage "Ease was his chief disease" in the second facetious epitaph on Hobson the Carrier—"dis-ease," so as to bring out the antithesis between it and *ease*." If Dr. Bradshaw is correct in saying that in the line in *Comus*—

Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric—

"rhetoric" is to be "pronounced with the accent on the second syllable," it behoved him to exemplify, as he easily might have done from Shakspeare, the dissyllabic use of "dear." But when in the line

That were an ignominy and shame beneath

(*Paradise Lost*, I. 115) he bids us read in scanning *ignomin*, he has clearly forgotten the Shakspearian "ignominy," and the obvious slurring of the second *i* in the reading of the folios in a passage cited by Abbott from *Titus Andronicus*:

I blush to think upon this ignominy.

The chief blemish in these notes is, however, their inaccuracy, which cannot always be the result of accident, as to Greek words and forms. Of the wild accentuation or non-accentuation we have already spoken; and it may seem a pressing of minutiae to take note of such a form as "Cimmerie" for the name of the people, or *rupavva*, which even with an accent is quite exceptional. But it is too much to be told that Pindar "is said to call his lyre *Δωρά φορμιγγά*," when Dr. Bradshaw would have had to go so little way in the *Odes* in order to correct his quotation. Nor is the impression less dubious when one finds the "Poikile Stoa" described as "one of the most famous Stoa or Portico" (*sic*) in Athens. Most assuredly all these are trifles; and perhaps Dr. Bradshaw (if that be one of his functions as "Senior Moderator" at Trinity College, Dublin) would not even pluck for the form "Eumenide." But we have felt bound to notice some of these little slips, because—to tell the truth—they appear to us to be about the most distinctive feature of this "Students' Edition."

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE.*

DISINTERESTED impulses are not so rare in literature as in common life, whether it be that disagreeable duties are easier on paper, or that the performing of them in a manner that leaves its own record carries with it a not ungrateful sense of superiority to the perverse generation actually addressed, mingled perhaps with the hope that wiser coming generations may honour the man who remained sober enough among elated fools to read aright the signs of his time. It may certainly be called a disinterested undertaking to utter warnings to which, right or wrong, it seems hardly possible that anybody should give serious attention; and yet this has been the function and the predilection of satirists in all times. He that goeth about to persuade the multitude of his fellow-citizens that they are mostly fools, and on the way, at their present rate, to be utterly ruined in a couple of generations, must have renounced beforehand the expectation, so dear to authors in other kinds, of reaping the fruit of public assent. Yet his chance is in one way better than if he addressed them with commonplace flatteries; for if you rail at a man from the housetop long and loud enough, you may not convince him that your opinion of his character is just, but you will at least make him turn round; and what is true of the individual is in some degree true of the multitude. Moreover, it is observed that, although men individually resent being called names, they do not much dislike it in the mass, and that there is a point of civilization at which they find this artificial excitement actually pleasurable. Thus every refined society must keep its satirists, and enjoys them in most cases more than it profits by them. The Devil's Advocate, as against the claim of society to be content with itself, is a literary officer of much older standing than the present century. But it is part of the traditional equipment of satirists that every newcomer should profess to be taking on himself not only a difficult but an unheard-of task. We cannot be surprised, therefore, that Mr. Greg introduces himself with this time-honoured fiction, and makes believe that the men of the nineteenth century are the first who have been proud in the conceit of their own time, and Mr. Percy Greg the first more sagacious moralist who has dared to stand forth and rebuke them openly.

Satire has assumed various forms in the many periods whose vanities have provoked its growth. In the present century it seems to affect the form of dialogue, which may be commended as favouring the process of natural selection; since dialogues between persons created for the dialogue's sake are apt, except in the hands of such a master of wit as Peacock, to become exceedingly dull. But in this respect also Mr. Percy Greg is not to be blamed for taking the fashion as he finds it. His persons, although they exist merely for the sake of talking in a smoking-room or elsewhere about the dangers and difficulties of modern life, succeed in preserving some individuality in their talk; and this effect is not produced by the cheap and flashy device of personal caricature. The frame of Mr. Greg's book contrasts oddly enough with one

of its earliest themes. Foremost among the objects of attack is the anonymous character of journalism, as to which it is said that the writer thereby evades personal responsibility and loses whatever authority he may personally be entitled to. But almost every argument that can be urged against anonymous writing applies with equal force to the practice of writing books in the form of dialogues which lead to no definite conclusion; and this though the author of the whole, as in this case, name himself at the outset. For it is plain that by causing half-a-dozen imaginary persons to talk in a discursive manner about a great variety of subjects, a practised writer may air any opinions he pleases without committing himself positively to the adoption or repudiation of any one of them. In fact, every speech of every one of his personages may be regarded as an unsigned article, to which the author of the book stands in the relation of editor. The author does not appear in his own person, and we have to guess at his own convictions. Mr. Greg does inform us in a general way that the tendency of the whole is to be regarded as pessimistic; and, although there is a fair show of conflicting arguments, the dialogue is always so managed that at the end the brilliant pessimist has rather the best of it. But we never know precisely on what grounds the author desires that we should condemn the age we live in; whether he intended to put none but the best reasons in the mouth of his leading character, or where he would fix the line between legitimate argument and sophism in the contentions of the opposers. His personality is studiously frittered away; and on this very question, for example, we do not know to what extent Mr. Percy Greg really thinks anonymous writing an evil. Again, is it a delicate stroke of art that a retired journalist who has gone to live in the Lakes, and whose notions may therefore be a little prehistoric, is made to affirm that "people believe a thing more readily because the *Times* or the *Quarterly* has said it"? People there are, not improbably, who believe everything they see in print; and it may be true, though, if so, it is very sad, that there are those who "take the word of the *Saturday Review* on a question of history or philosophy for gospel." For whoever thinks to learn either history or philosophy by taking anybody's word for gospel will assuredly lose his labour.

The hero, if so we may call him, of these dialogues is a fastidious man of letters who, after writing as little as he could earn his bread by, has married a wife and retired on a competence. He thinks ill of the world, but appears to find much comfort in his thoughts; which may seem an odd thing, but is quite true to nature, being the fundamental paradox of pessimism. Least he should not seem human, however, he is judiciously provided with one crotchet; his wife is the orphan of a Confederate general, and they indulge in regretful rhapsodies, more or less irrelevant to the general thread of the discussion, about the Lost Cause and the Starry Cross. A quasi-dramatic license must be allowed for in this kind of writing; but it does not seem to us to have been very happily used in the present case. It cannot add to General Lee's well-earned fame as a soldier to call him the "last representative of Christian chivalry"; and even those who favoured the Southern cause would as a rule have shrank from speaking of President Lincoln as a mere boor. Cleveland's fancy, however (such is the name of Mr. Greg's chief speaker), is so far artistically chosen that it is, as befits a pessimist, a retrospective affection for the impossible.

The series of assaults against modern ideas and institutions in which Cleveland takes either a directing or a controlling part are conducted with great spirit and persistence; and if there are persons who really think the nineteenth century is the beginning of the millennium, they might consult these pages with some profit. On the other hand, there are very many persons who do not think the millennium is at hand, and have never felt seriously tempted to think so; and these may be apt to consider, when they go through the tale of doleful omens and prophecies here brought together, that they have known most of them for some time. They may likewise reflect that there has been no age of the world in which a satirist could not, with industry and literary skill, make out a very bad case against the prospects of society; and in few ages has it failed to be done. Somewhere in this book the Augustan age is mentioned as one of shallow optimism; yet Horace wrote the familiar lines quoted the other day by Lord Selborne, to the effect that the Romans, sons of fathers who were themselves a degenerate offspring, might be expected to leave after them children yet more depraved. It may further occur to us (which, however, is meeting pessimism with its own weapons) that the dangers which, as events afterwards proved, were in truth most menacing to the welfare of kingdoms and societies, have been seldom or never foreseen, or at all events not adequately. Thus the French Revolution came as a thunder-clap, not merely on blind adherents of the old order of things, but on the cultivated and thoughtful persons who had for years been discussing constitutional theories. And, on the whole, it may seem to a reader such as we now suppose that discourse of this kind, however ingenious, is doomed by its very nature to be unfruitful, being for all practical intents based on unreal matter.

As to English institutions in particular, it is not very difficult to make a mock of them if one traverses all the assumptions on which English public life is built up, and which Englishmen certainly will not be moved to abandon by any speculative denunciation of remote consequences. Respect for law for its own sake, and the opinion that on the whole it is better to find the light for oneself, even through much floundering, than to be led by an enlightened despot in whose lights one believes on authority, are funda-

* *The Devil's Advocate*. By Percy Greg. 2 vols. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

mental principles of English polity. Cleveland, however, argues in favour of duelling without seeming to think for a moment that the law of the land should count for anything; he expresses undisguised contempt for trial by jury and Parliamentary government, and he extenuates Louis Napoleon's *Coup d'état* not even in the tone of an English Tory, but rather like a French clerical of the timidest and narrowest kind. Treason, perjury, and massacre become venial, provided that people who are "with few exceptions Red Republicans or Socialists" can be got out of the way. It may be dramatically appropriate to the conception of Cleveland's character to make him utter sentiments which must shock every one with a sense of public morality; but it was not a judicious course for Mr. Greg to take if he intended Cleveland's subsequent arguments to carry the chief weight of the discourse. A speaker who shows that he has no notion of right or law as a rule standing above his own passions and prejudices cannot expect much sympathy when, a few pages later, he takes to declaiming about "rights antecedent to law." Parliamentary reform comes in, as a matter of course, for its share of hard sayings. On this topic, however, Cleveland is more effective than usual, for he wisely borrows the late Mr. Bagehot's argument as to the mistake of the legislation of 1832 in abolishing the variety of local franchises. He is not so happy in his general denunciation of American institutions, in which truth, half-truth, and absurdities are hopelessly entangled. For example, the assertion that "no man has any confidence in the purity, the enlightenment, or even the professional competence of the State or Federal Courts of justice," is a crude and inaccurate libel. The Courts of some States (especially certain of the Southern ones) are not respected at all; those of others, such as Massachusetts, command respect not only in America but here. As to the Supreme Court being "utterly discredited" by the proceedings concerning the late Presidential election, it is a ridiculous exaggeration. But then Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland could never forget the extinction of Christian chivalry and the Starry Cross.

The chapters on the position of women contain true observations, but so mixed up with violent and indiscriminate vituperation that they lose most of their utility. "It is absurd to say," to use Cleveland's own phrase, that the most distinguished female writers rank at most with third-rate men. Sappho's poetry, so far as we can judge from its remains, and George Sand's romances (to say nothing of a living writer) cannot be called either third-rate or second-rate. The average inferiority of women to men in intellectual power is sufficiently obvious without denying the exceptions. The second volume, though perhaps more amusing than the first, is chiefly occupied with questions of morality and theology which cannot be conveniently discussed here; those who peruse the theological part, however, may be entertained by seeing how prone are modern denouncers of heresy to adopt new heresies of their own. Mr. Percy Greg appears to favour J. S. Mill's modification of Manichaeism; but he perhaps does not know that an even more ingenious one, but too subtle to be explained in passing, has been quite lately invented by a very orthodox Dutch pastor. There is a chapter on Darwinism in which it is suggested that we should expect to find a "law directing variation by defined steps in definite directions"; and it appears to be supposed that the suggestion, if well founded, is somehow to the discredit of Mr. Darwin's work. Now any one who discovers such a law will render most important service to science; and it may already be safely said that the next great problem of natural history, variation and heredity being given as the efficient factors of evolution, is to reduce heredity and variation themselves to law. But, however much more may be built up, the foundation will still be Mr. Darwin's. Amateur critics do not or will not understand that modern science has long ago disclaimed finality.

In the same part of the book the old proverb about metaphysics is given in a French form, which may be the original, but, to our mind, has been improved upon in England. The English version runs thus:—When A. teaches B. what A. does not understand, and B. does understand him, that is mathematics; but if B. does not understand him, it is metaphysics. Inasmuch as, after having gone through these two volumes, we remain of opinion that life is worth having even in the nineteenth century, we suspect that the virtue of Cleveland's arguments is in its intimate nature metaphysical.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.*

THE Baronets, we regret to say, are still at their old work. We had thought that they had exhausted every kind of villainy, but we did their originality but scant justice. Sir Sykes Denzi, one of the numerous villains of Mr. Harwood's novel, had a grand mansion flanked by all the appliances of wealth, but it was justly his. When he was first introduced to us, as we saw that he had an uneasy countenance, and as we remembered that he was a baronet, we naturally and at once concluded that he had gained possession of this mansion and its appliances in the manner which, if we may trust our novelists, is only too common with men of his order. He had, we supposed, either murdered the heir or sold him to gypsies, or else forged some deeds, or kept some one locked up for the last twenty years in that unoccupied west wing which is always to be found where baronets dwell.

* *Helena, Lady Harrogate: a Tale.* By John Berwick Harwood, Author of "Lady Flavia," 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1878.

He had, however, done none of these things. The mansion was fairly his, from the vanes that flashed and glittered on roof and tower down to his own traditional apartment, the library; so were the appliances that flanked it; so were the equine aristocrats that were grazing in the paddocks; so was the turf that was browsed by hereditary deer; so was the wealth of huge old trees—those sylvan Titans that reared their canopy of leaves—and so were the ferns beneath them, through which the broken sunbeams filtered in golden patches. All these were justly his, and his right there was none to dispute. He indulged in the luxury of a third and even a fourth footman, a French *chef*, and a groom of the chambers, but in so doing he defrauded no man. He had married two wives, and was now a widower; but, contrary to what we might naturally suspect, he had poisoned neither one nor the other. Nevertheless on his yet handsome features a cloud too often rested that filled his daughters with anxiety. Being a baronet, he was of course a reserved father, not one of those—to quote Mr. Harwood when he improves on Shakespeare—"who wear their hearts, metaphorically, on their sleeves." In another passage our author thus nicely and learnedly distinguishes between two large classes of parents. "The domestic relations," he writes, "differ so much in varying conditions of life, that there are parents whose every thought and deed appears to be the common property of the home circle, and others who sanction no trespass on that inner self, the *to auton* of the Greeks, which each of us carries in the recesses of his own heart." To the latter class Sir Sykes Denzi belonged. He had his secret; but not even his son, who is described as of a very feline nature, could, with all his stealthy inquisitiveness, discover it. It is at length revealed to the reader. Little does he suspect, when the story opens with a description of the young mistress of the school in Sir Sykes's own village, how cruel a wrong had been done to her by a revengeful baronet. Her eyes were violet, and she had a wealth of dark hair. Might we, by the way, suggest that it would make an agreeable change if some heroine were to have violet hair and a wealth of dark eyes? Her name was Ethel Gray; her attire was scrupulously plain. "But there are cases in which sovereign beauty will assert itself," and it certainly asserted itself in the case of the young schoolmistress. We find her at once in the best of company, for she is engaged in conversation with a grey-haired Earl and an Under-Secretary of State. The grey-haired Earl was, we soon learn, the happy father of the beautiful golden-haired Lady Gladys, the honest-eyed, earnest Lady Maud, and Lady Alice, who was still too young to make it worth while to describe either her hair or her eyes. But none of these, not even the golden-haired Lady Gladys, we saw intuitively or instinctively, or as if by inspiration, was the heroine. His son was Lord Harrogate, and in him we at once recognized the hero. Ethel is fetched by a country girl who "had been relegated into the category of unteachables," to a cottage where one of her pupils was lying, struck down by fever. On their way the two girls were overtaken by a mist and would have been lost, for they were on Dartmoor, had there not come up in the very nick of time this handsome lord and his gamekeeper, or functionary, as the author once describes him. Ethel of course, though she had never spoken to his lordship, yet knew him well by sight, for it was not possible for any one who attended the village church to be ignorant of the features of so notable an occupant of Lord Wolverhampton's pew as the Earl's son and heir. We had, to use an expression of the author's, a darkling vaticination that by the end of the story Ethel would marry the young lord; but then we were puzzled by the title of the book. If she became Lady Harrogate, who was Helena, Lady Harrogate? It is not till we are well into the second volume that any light is allowed to fall on the mystery. We very early learn indeed, as we have already said, that the Baronet had done something very wicked, which had put him in the power of a desperate pirate who, with the lavishness that is characteristic of such scoundrels, is discovered, when the scene rises, "investing his silver in eleemosynary pots of beer." But we did not connect this unknown evil deed with the young schoolmistress. There was, of course, as there always is in this class of stories, a somewhat complicated title to at least one estate. We cannot make it clear to the reader, for we have not in the least succeeded in making it clear to ourselves. However, there was once a Miss Clare De Vere who, when the old Lord Harrogate died, "was to have the barony and be a peeress in her own right, for Harrogate is one of the oldest English titles, and goes, as they call it, to heirs-female." With this lady Sir Sykes had been in love many years before the story opened. She, however, had jilted him, and had run away with Colonel Edward De Vere of the Guards. Sir Sykes, on receiving the news, behaved more like a fiend than a man. He swore that he would be revenged. "He was, in fact," as Lady Maud said in telling Ethel the story, "dreadfully violent, and it seemed the more shocking in a polite, smooth-spoken man like him." She did not remember that he was a baronet. His vengeance was, we read, soon terribly realized, for not long after the marriage the Colonel was brought home a corpse. The reader learns with disappointment that he had been only killed in the hunting-field. What, we may ask, is the use of introducing Baronets and piratical British sailors, and then killing off the hated rival in the hunting-field? However, there is some compensation provided. The widow lives with her infant daughter by the side of the Thames. One day the child, who had been left near the bank of the river, could not be found. It was assumed that she was drowned. Here the reader

begins to brighten up, and to see that light is cast on his darkling vaticination. He recalls the threats of the Baronet, and the obscure hints that the pirate, the owner of the darkling face, had thrown out, and he sees that Ethel Gray can be no other than the long-lost daughter of Clare De Vere, a peeress in her own right, and the rightful heiress to the ancient barony of Harrogate. Everything therefore turns out as it should. The wicked Sir Sykes has a stroke of paralysis, the pirate gets shot by a detective, and his sister—an artful adventuress, who had with some success passed herself off as the long-lost Baroness—is swallowed up in a bog on Dartmoor. Ethel's claims are established beyond question, and the aged Earl walks straight up to her, and pressing his lips in fatherly fashion on her white forehead, welcomes her "beneath this poor roof of mine as the kinswoman who has the best right to its hospitality—poor cousin Clare's child—Helena, Lady Harrogate." The old gentleman, with much consideration, dies before long and leaves his estates to the present Earl and Countess of Wolverhampton. "Even to this day the young Earl," we are told, "often calls his beautiful Countess 'Ethel!'" Sir Sykes never recovers from his paralysis, and the next baronet, his only son, Sir Jasper, gets shot in a duel at Nice. The estates pass to the daughters, who refuse to marry, and have, it is understood, made wills by which their vast property will pass "to the eldest son of him whom we will yet designate as Lord Harrogate." We need scarcely add, the Ladies Gladys, Maud, and Alice De Vere have their marriages chronicled by Dod and Debrett. We should do the author an injustice were we not to quote him at greater length than we have as yet done, so as to show that his style is altogether worthy of the great people whom he describes. Our only difficulty, where there are so many choice passages at hand, is to make a selection. Perhaps the following shows him at his very finest:—

The curious thing was, that except by their mistress Lady Maud and the elder of the two Denzil girls, who was a kindred spirit, the pheasants were scarcely looked at with regardful eyes. Is it not always so? At launch or military review or polo-match, or when a princely trowel of pure gold condescendingly applies a dab of sublime mortar to a glorified foundation stone of some new building, how very, very few of the nominal spectators concentrate their thoughts and their vision on the show, which the reporters will presently describe with such graphic power! Private affairs, hopes, fears, interests, are all of them petty magnets sufficient to neutralize the great avowed attraction of the hour.

Scarcely inferior to this is the writing of the whole three volumes. The author is clearly resolved that "that shadowy halo of respect which, as such, still surrounds those born in the purple"—we quote his own words—shall not be injured by negligent composition on his part. Who writes of big people must, he would no doubt maintain, write big, just as who drives fat oxen must himself be fat. Should any one be inclined to dispute this assertion, he would at once, we may feel sure, "relegate him to the category of the unteachables."

RECENT EDITIONS OF MARLOWE AND GREENE.*

THE independent appearance of these two excellent little books is another sign of the keen interest which the present generation is taking in the great names of our early literature. It is an age of reprints; and although some too enterprising publishers are finding that they have overshot the demand, that is hardly the affair of the reading public, which cannot but rejoice at the multiplication of opportunities for the study of works that till lately have been forgotten. The books which are now before us are indeed far more than mere reprints; they are editions of the plays, with *apparatus criticus*, historical introduction, and full explanatory notes. Although Professor Ward's is the better and more complete of the two, Dr. Wagner's cannot be dispensed with, if only on account of the variants which he prints at length from the second and third editions of Marlowe's play. This, as all students of the drama know, is necessary to the understanding of it and of the part which is really to be attributed to Marlowe; for of all the Elizabethan dramas there is none which has been more recklessly and cruelly treated by the adapters and "improvers." Marlowe died in 1593, and in the next year *Dr. Faustus* was played (probably revived) by the Lord Admiral's men, having already in all likelihood received extraneous additions to fit it for the ears of the groundlings. Whether this is so or not, the process was soon afterwards begun or continued. We have two entries in Henslowe's diary as follows (Collier's Ed., 71):—

P⁴ unto Thomas Dicker the 20 of Desembr 1597, for adyepons to Fostus twentie shellinges, and fyve shellinges for a prolog to Marloes Tamberlen, so in all I payde twenty fyve shellinges;

and the second (ib. 228):—

Lent unto the compayne, the 22 of novembr 1602, to paye unto W^m Birde and Samwell Rowley for their adicyones in Doctor Postes, the some of iiii^l.

Now the first extant edition of *Faustus* is that of 1604, of which a unique copy exists in the Bodleian—later by two years than the "adicyones" of Birde and Rowley. It is probable, then, that even this is interpolated; and it is certain

* *Marlowe's Tragical History of Dr. Faustus, and Greene's Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay.* (Clarendon Press Series. Old English Drama, Select Plays.) Edited by Adolphus William Ward, M.A. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1878.

Christopher Marlowe's *Tragedy of Doctor Faustus*. With Introduction and Notes by Wilhelm Wagner, Ph.D., Professor at the Johanneum, Hamburg. London: Longmans & Co. 1877.

that the later editions of 1616, 1620, &c., have much new matter which does not appear in the quarto of 1604. It is thus evident that we cannot be at all sure of our text; but at the same time it is equally evident that the text of 1604 is the best and safest to go upon. Accordingly, Mr. Ward's text "has been unhesitatingly reprinted from the first extant quarto." Dr. Wagner's, on the other hand, though in the main following that quarto, inserts some passages from the later editions; such as the first twenty-eight lines of Act v. sc. 2, and the dialogue between the scholars towards the end of the same act. It is true that Dr. Wagner explains his reasons for these divergences, while his complete list of various readings (which Mr. Ward has wisely thought it unnecessary to reproduce) will sufficiently guard the reader; but still there is a certain arbitrariness in departing at pleasure from the first quarto, and it is for this reason that, even so far as the text is concerned, we prefer the version of Mr. Ward. When it comes to a question of the notes and the introduction, there is no comparison either in fulness or in general excellence. Mr. Ward, for instance, translates the whole of the necessary chapters of the German *Faustbuch*, to which Dr. Wagner merely alludes; and the notes show an equal superiority. However, *et vitula tu dignus, et hic*; we are grateful to both editors for the care and learning which they have bestowed in making these new additions to the understanding of our old drama.

Professor Ward has good reasons for printing *Doctor Faustus* and *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* together. In the first place, their authors were connected in various ways; Greene first attacking Marlowe with that bitter jealousy which he afterwards felt towards Shakespeare, and then becoming reconciled to him and making him the object of the first of the solemn warnings in his *Groatsworth of Wit*. Then there is the obvious relation between the two stories of Bacon and Faustus, and the interesting question which drama it was that suggested the other. And, lastly, the collocation is justified by the striking differences in the treatment which the two tales of magic receive at the hands of their poets—the lightness of Greene's plot with its idyllic underplot and its sunny, jovial character, contrasting so strongly with the gloom of Marlowe's tragedy and the deep passion of his hero. Greene's play is artless, even childish in construction; his characters are drawn with a few simple lines; his verses are, generally speaking, monotonous in rhythm, and his language oscillates between flat commonplace and the "swelling bombast of bragging blank verse" which his friend Nash denounced, but which neither poet could avoid. And yet the play is worth editing; it is Greene's masterpiece, and the masterpiece of one who was an early rival of Shakespeare must be interesting. There is an interest in its treatment of the story of Bacon, the great student degraded by popular superstition to the level of a vulgar conjuror, and raised again by the imagination of a poet to be the friend of kings and the prophet of greatness for his country. There is a charm, moreover, in the genuinely English atmosphere which Greene contrives to throw over his piece—in the Suffolk meads and in the schools and streets of Oxford, in the English Edward and the "fair maid of Fressingfield." Yet it cannot be denied that the chief interest of Greene's play lies in its contrast with Marlowe's, to which it may be said to act as a foil. Dr. Wagner indeed thinks that, dramatically, *Friar Bacon* is the better play of the two; "there is more life and variety in it, and there is much freshness in the rustic scenes, and, above all, a certain idyllic beauty in the character of Margaret." We are more inclined to agree with him in what follows:—"After all, Greene's play is merely second-rate, in spite of these advantages. It lacks the force and impetuosity of Marlowe's composition; it is the work of a lyric talent, while Marlowe's *Faustus* is the production of an epic and rhetoric [rhetorical] genius." It is indeed true that in neither of the plays is the excellence really dramatic; but that is the case with all English dramas before Shakespeare. The child's-play of the *Mysteries* and *Moralities* was not to be outgrown in a day or in a century; and it was natural that the outburst of imaginative energy which filled Elizabeth's reign should produce, as Dr. Wagner says, lyrical, epic, and rhetorical excellence before arriving at the most mature of all artistic perfections, the perfect drama. Where *Faustus* is really great, as Charles Lamb saw long ago, is in isolated passages where the "mighty line" rolls out triumphantly; in the lurid flashes that reveal hell; in the famous verses on Helen of Troy; in the agonized address of Faustus as his time draws near. Those passages, however, will for ever vindicate Marlowe's fame, damaged as it is both by his own inequalities and by the interpolations of which his work has been made the subject. But Mr. Swinburne has already done justice once for all to the qualities of Marlowe's muse in perhaps the finest of his prose writings (the essay on Chapman); we may therefore leave this subject, and go on to say a little more of the actual execution of Mr. Ward's edition.

In hundred and ten pages of introduction he goes elaborately through the facts that are known or conjectured about the writing of the two plays, and also gives a full account of early German Faust literature and of the Bacon story. In his treatment of the *Faustbuch*, Mr. Ward's well-known German scholarship stands him in good stead, and enables him not only to translate the quaint old tale from which Marlowe unquestionably derived the details of his play, but to present us with a faint idea of the vast amount of patient work which the Germans are devoting to this subject as to most others. "The literature on Faust and the Faust legend," says Mr. Ward, "has swelled to proportions so enormous that even an enumeration of its principal works is quite out of the question here." But he steers safely through the masses of legend with

which Scheible's *Kloster* is filled, through Duntzer's *Sage* and Reichlin-Meldegg's *Volkbücher*, as well as through the newer dissertations and investigations which German curiosity seems never tired of producing. It is difficult to condense still further what has been already so much condensed as these pages of Mr. Ward's; so we may content ourselves with saying that he sees no reason to accept the notion, first suggested two centuries ago, that Faustus the magician and Fust the printer are the same person; while the evidence for the real existence of a wandering scholar and charlatan named Johann Faust is quite convincing. The most interesting part of the Introduction is that in which the editor simply translates the old *Faustbuch*, or "Historia of Dr. Johann Faust, the widely-noised conjuror and master of the Black Art," printed at Frankfort by J. Spier in 1587; the book from which, in one form or another, Marlowe's play is certainly derived. A peculiar interest attaches to this connexion between book and play; for it has been proved that English comedians were performing in Germany in 1588; and it has been assumed, with great probability, by various writers that Marlowe learned the Faust story from these very actors, who had probably become furnished with a MS. translation, afterwards used by the "P. R. Gent," who published an English Faust-book soon afterwards. For the exact year of Marlowe's play there is no positive evidence, though a few allusions and the general evidence of style point to its having probably been composed about 1590—certainly after *Tamburlain*, and probably before *Edward the Second*. All that can be said on the point, and indeed on all the points that either the play in general or its detailed lines suggest, seems to have been said by Mr. Ward. Among the many good features of his commentary we may especially mention the elaborate notes on the *dramatis personae* in both plays, where great learning and ingenuity are spent on clearing up the difficulties—and all students know them to be many—connected with the names of the characters, such as the perplexing Duke of Vanholt, Cornelius, and Wagner in one play, and Friar Bungay and Jacques Vandermast in the other. On some questions, indeed, to which names and collocations of names give rise, Mr. Ward is obliged to confess that he cannot throw much light. Such are the Bruno and the Valdes of *Doctor Faustus*, though Mr. Ward deserves great credit for his manful attempt to identify the latter with the famous Spanish humanist and semi-Protestant, Juan de Valdés, Secretary to the Viceroy of Naples (so Mr. Ward thinks, apparently following Ranke; Dr. Boehmer, however, doubts it), and author of the *Dialogo de las Lenguas* and of the *Alfabeto Christiano*.

DENISON'S "NOTES OF MY LIFE."*

GREATNESS, considered as a moral and intellectual quality distinct from mere notoriety, may be attained by means of almost every variety of temperament, and it would be difficult to establish the incompatibility of any physical attributes with its attainment. Fabius Cunctator and the Duke of Wellington had sanctified delay as one of the noblest elements of greatness long before "masterly inactivity" had become a commonplace of political *argot*; and if Prince Rupert was not great, it was not because, unlike General Wolfe, he dashed, but because he chose to dash at the wrong time and in the wrong way. Lord Brougham and Madame de Staél found ugliness at least as conducive to eminence as beauty was to Alcibiades and Catharine II. There can, however, be no doubt that some ways of compassing greatness are more difficult than others, and the man who succeeds in any of them deserves accordingly the higher credit. It is the easiest thing in the world to be notorious, and the choice of means towards this ignoble end is infinite; but the man who raises a quality which habitually ends in mere notoriety up to the level of true greatness is a contributor to the glory of his age. The world contains many *enfants terribles* long past the age of infancy, and a considerable proportion of this formidable class are notorious on account of the vexations which their quality enables them to inflict. One only of them is great with the record of a distinguished career — namely, Archdeacon Denison, and he has lately benefited his fellow-creatures by publishing his autobiography in his own lifetime.

Still we do not wish to appear depreciatory, and we must remark that it is a mere vulgar error to imagine that the character of *enfant terrible* implies any intellectual drawback. Unquestionably it is like a tender flower which fades before the conventionalities or the hypocrisies of a hard world. But for all that the metal is sterling. The bolt, propelled from childish lips, which finds its aim must carry a barb, if the sweet prattler is to be terrible and not merely troublesome. Though he may be as unconscious as M. Jourdain was of his gift, he is really blundering out words of wit to his suffering auditors. The thoughtful child who disturbed the life-long current of complacent self-introspection down which the family friend was floating, by asking what his parents could mean when they said that their old acquaintance was next door to a fool, after he had just averred the wisdom of both his neighbours, only showed that his perception of the poetical side of his mother tongue was as yet limited. Otherwise the question and the comment proved an instinctive grasp of inductive reasoning. The child was simply matter of fact and rather too grammatical, and in his mental conflict between the unquestioning acceptance

of all parental dicta and his reliance on his old friend's accuracy he revealed glimpses of the temperament well calculated to grapple patiently and successfully with far deeper problems. If Pelagius and Palmerston had been right, and the imperfection of human nature were only a baseless prejudice, no doubt the roll of grown-up terrible children respected for their qualification among their fellow-men would have been as long as it was famous. But, as we know by experience, the littlenesses of conventional life are fatal to such outgrowths of a heroism which is very sure to be a constant obstacle to its possessor in the absorbing and popular occupation of getting on.

Archdeacon Denison, however, is honest enough, clever enough, and eccentric enough to have reached his threescore years and ten without betraying his original profession; and as a great and fearless terrible child he has—we say it with perfect sincerity—done excellent service to his country and his age. Spitting on an unpopular usher's back; an experimental explosion, in his father's house, of gunpowder, happily of his own manufacture and therefore but slightly dangerous; and cutting his name on the cherished dining-table of a neighbouring clergyman who had asked him to fish and then forgotten the invitation, were not a bad early training for his life's vocation. We should have thought that two years passed at Eton by such a boy under Dr. Keate might have been productive of more anecdote; but they result in an essay on the decay of Latin and Greek, in which much good sense—including a capital suggestion of oral translation into those languages—is expressed with extreme oddness, and seasoned by a spirited diatribe against competitive examinations. A capital story is told, on the first-hand authority of some one high in Civil Service examinations, of a youth who won a clerkship for abnormal knowledge and power shown in the higher subjects of the examination, coupled with a blank ignorance of all the simply practical questions in which his competitors were well grounded, which ought by strict rule to have excluded him. This avatar of the Admirable Crichton was sent for by the wondering Minister to whom he had fallen, and was with many compliments asked how long it had taken him to assimilate so deep a store of erudition. First taking good care to assure himself that the appointment was irrevocable, the budding official confessed that he had gained his entire knowledge during a fortnight spent with an audacious crammer, who began by impressing on him that he had not a minute which he could afford to lose over the practical branches of the examination, but went on to explain that, as he himself knew all the dodges of the higher subjects, he thought he might possibly carry through a sharp pupil who was willing to surrender himself during the two available weeks.

Mr. Denison's confessions make up, as may be supposed, a very odd book, as they carry him through his successive phases of don, curate, vicar, then vicar again, and now archdeacon also, in a narrative where humorous gossip, personal reminiscences—in which the great and almost feminine kindness of heart that underlies the Archdeacon's official pugnacity is always bursting out—and the water supply of East Brent are quaintly intertwined with solemn disquisitions on the deepest points of theology. By this original method of composition the buoyant author has done what in him lies to make a genuine review of his book unlikely. The temptation is too great when such sugar-plums as the young curate's harum-scarum use of his medicine-chest are lying open before the reviewer, for that hard-tasked man to gird himself up to an exhaustive analysis of the earnest *Apologia pro Viâ Sua* on which the Archdeacon of Taunton is challenging the public verdict. We do not pretend to be able to fill up the gap, for the attempt would lead us into topics upon which we do not desire to dogmatize. We can only very generally estimate the place which our *enfant terrible* has filled in that "progression by antagonism," as Lord Crawford happily calls it, by which, during the last two generations, the Church of England has made itself, in its spiritual and its political aspects, a very powerful factor in the *res publica*.

The scene of action is a National Church, previously to and for a considerable time after a very extensive re-settlement, civilly co-extensive with the State, and therefore always expecting to be shielded by the State in its worst and helped by it in its best actions, and which has subsequently parted company with the State *quoad* the co-extensiveness, but not *quoad* its established status, its numerical preponderance, or its varied influence. In a restless age and among an active people, such as this century and this country are, constant friction, friendly or unfriendly, or something that is neither one nor the other, must necessarily be going on between the two bodies. Fighting and bargaining, bargaining and fighting, with pairs of antagonists matched like Lord Russell and Archdeacon Denison, Lord Palmerston and Bishop Wilberforce, gave plenty of work to blow spirits all round; and for the Church to carry off what it had a just right to claim in the promiscuous distribution, one champion at least was needed to whom the National Church was still the whole nation, and in whose ears compromise sounded as surrender. That the champion who took upon himself an office of which the qualifications were voluntary self-effacement and the conscious acceptance of a career which in all worldly aspects must lead to failure should have been a man so thoroughly guileless, unselfish, and generous as George Anthony Denison, was a happy circumstance both for Church and State. A little stain of earthly dross might have debased the intrepid Archdeacon to the level of an inconsistent Quixote. The nobility of his nature and the stubborn consistency of his untactical dialectics have left him indeed stranded and alone; but his record will be that of a

* *Notes of My Life, 1805-1878.* By George Anthony Denison, Vicar of East Brent, 1845; Archdeacon of Taunton, 1851. Oxford and London: Parker & Co. 1878.

thoroughly honest and undoubtedly able man, who had, even in ways and through results which he most bitterly regrets and resents, contributed much to great and happy ends.

The education controversy was the conflict in which Archdeacon Denison stood most conspicuously and for the longest time under the sharp scrutiny of public criticism. It would be a shallow estimate of his position to say that because it was that of a man whose idea was the maintenance in unshaken strength of ecclesiastical monopoly in public education, therefore he has no claim upon the sympathy of those who are jealous for popular liberties. In complementary antagonism to the two or three who could go on to the end in agreement with the Archdeacon's policy stands the impenitent phalanx which still declares that its intention is to carry universal and compulsory secular education. Ultimate success for the opponents of that dreary delusion would have been impossible if all had fought on the Archdeacon's lines. If, however, none had done so, the position which it was hopeless to scale might have been sapped; while we may add that it was perhaps due to the previous exertions of the party represented by the Archdeacon to keep the men of peace and compromise up to the mark, that the crisis of 1870 has not scored some disastrous excesses from which we have been delivered. The fights over the Management Clauses were the earliest battles which make up Archdeacon Denison's more than twenty years' educational campaign, and here, we think, he was quite right. The ruling spirit at that epoch was Lord John Russell, a Minister who dealt with religious questions in the narrowest spirit of fossil Whiggery, and treated the Church as a useful agency of moral police which was to be maintained so far as it was available and subservient as a supplementary department of State—but, whenever it showed any will of its own, to be remorselessly snubbed and coerced; and the claims then put forward by the Committee of Council on Education under that influence would, had they not been resisted, have involved the denial of any sufficient freedom of choice on the part of school founders. The resistance which the Archdeacon made to the idea of a Conscience Clause on the first proposal of what was then a novel and startling suggestion was both intelligible and consistent; and the fact that he was incapable of appreciating the conjuncture when the acceptance of a Conscience Clause had become the policy which most effectively tended to maintain Church schools, present and future, in their integrity, was but a proof that the irreconcilable combatant was Archdeacon Denison, and therefore a paladin rather than a statesman. It is pathetic to see the fearless champion of the National Church in his honoured old age condescending to take a subordinate place among the hot-heads who caricature the rôle of Liberationists with Mr. Mackonochie's project of disestablishment as their Bill of Rights; but it is a conclusion very conceivable from the abnormal incidents of the Archdeacon of Taunton's unique career.

It was of course impossible for any one to have written a book so full of details and arranged in so eccentric a sequence without committing some errors in facts and in dates, but we have not been shocked by repeated instances of reckless carelessness, such as have occasionally startled us in posthumous memoirs. The abolition of compulsory Church Rates took place in 1868 and not in 1866. Had it been consummated at the latter date it would have been an incident of Lord Russell's second Government; as it was, it took place while power was passing from Lord Derby to Mr. Disraeli. We are more surprised to notice that Archdeacon Denison, trusting to the secondhand authority of Irving's *Annals of Our Time*, states that Dr. Pusey presided at the supplementary meeting held in July 1850 to address the Queen on the occasion of the Gorham judgment. The chairman of this second meeting was Viscount Feilding, now Earl of Denbigh, the principal one having been presided over (as the Archdeacon correctly states), by Mr. Hubbard. Another slip of memory is very perplexing. Archdeacon Denison, after quoting a letter of his to Mr. Hardy, dated February 18, 1868, proceeds:—"Seven days later the Whigs were out, and Mr. Disraeli was Minister." What did take place "seven days later" was that the Conservative Premier, Lord Derby, retired, and the Ministry was reconstructed under Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Hardy having been in the Cabinet under both Premiers. Archdeacon Denison had already told a story the point of which turned upon Lord Carnarvon having become a Cabinet Minister in June 1866, and therefore of course in the Government which was changing Premiers only eighteen months later.

FOR PERCIVAL.*

THIS is in some respects a clever novel; but it is emphatically a long one. It is not only that there are a great many words to the page, and a good many pages to the volume. But you are made to feel in the course of the first few chapters that you are committed to a very serious undertaking. The story is inclined to straggle. As you attempt to carry the diverging interest along with you, you have to make incessant calls on the memory. Subordinate and superfluous characters crop up in profusion; there is an abundance of gratuitous digression in the shape of episodes, sentiment, and moralizing; and dialogues about nothing in particular run to unnecessary length. It is fair to say that Percival, the hero, is kept conspicuously before us from first to last. But other persons who are brought prominently into the foreground

prove to have been merely incidentally introduced; and, when we have paid a good deal of attention to appreciating their individualities, we find that we have wasted our pains after all. The author would seem to have taken Miss Thackeray in some respects for her model; at least we recognize not a few of the familiar little mannerisms with which we have old and pleasant associations. But she indulges in a diffuseness which is no fault of Miss Thackeray's; and, not unnaturally, she falls far short of that writer in the delicacy of her fancies and the polish of her style. There is more of imagination than actual knowledge in her painstaking delineation of character, and her acquaintance with the world has clearly been limited. That, however, is a shortcoming which may be beyond her control. It is not every lady novelist who can write a *Jane Eyre* or a *Shirley*, making the shrewd intuition of genius do duty for familiarity with men. And we gladly admit that Miss Vely has the good sense to recognize the limits of her information and avoid dangerous ground. She keeps clear of London and of London society; she does not attempt, like the dashing "Ouida," to evolve hard-living heroes from her inner consciousness, following them into barrack boudoirs in their hours of voluptuous *abandon*, and hinting at their habits of unholy recreation. When she does make casual allusion to matters beyond the range of her observation, she is apt to fall into trivial but obvious mistakes. Thus, she talks of "Private Oliver Blake, Number So and So, C Company"; and makes Mr. Blake's stepmother conjure him up in the next paragraph, in a red jacket, with a little cane, and a cap very much on one side of his head. Of course if Blake had been seen swaggering in such a uniform he must have belonged to a troop and not to a company. But on the other hand she is often sympathetically impressive in depicting female feelings and passions. She analyses with characteristic elaboration the workings of women's hearts, and traces the gradual birth of their dawning affections with careful delicacy and fidelity. Frequently a spirited love-scene comes to enliven you and spur your flagging interest, so that, even when the book is beginning to hang heavy in your hands, you still feel reluctant to throw it aside. We may add that it repays you if you read it to the end. For the interest concentrates itself in the third volume, although Percival's doubtful fortunes are never made so critical as they might be, since we repeatedly catch more than a glimpse of the clearing by which he is to find his way out of the wood. Indeed, all through the story Miss Vely practises the art of slightly lifting a corner of the curtain, leaving her readers to plume themselves on their sagacity in guessing at the disclosures in store for them.

Most of the men have a dash of the feminine in them, but Percival Thorne himself is an exception. It is true that, when we are first introduced to him, he is leading a somewhat effeminate as well as an aimless life. He does not devote his abundant leisure to field sports; he is a student of the poets, and strong in quotations; he is very much of a lady's man, and ready for an ardent flirtation at a moment's notice. Later, however, he rises to each successive situation as trials, temptations, and anxieties thicken around him. He acts on the high-minded principle that a man must be scrupulously honourable before all things, and that self-sacrificing virtue is its own reward. He suffers heavily for slight mistakes, and for sins that, to say the worst of them, were venial. Indeed, with gifts that make him extraordinarily popular, with a winning way that carries all before him with women, it is his fate to provoke invertebrate animosities, and, because of his good fortune with the fairsex, he is a singularly unlucky man. There is no more telling scene in the volumes than that in which his eyes are opened to the results of his trifling with Miss Lottie Blake, who is unquestionably the most powerfully drawn of the women. It really is hardly his fault that she has misunderstood him. Lottie, who is just blooming into womanhood, has always been the despair of her anxious mother and the delight of the sons of the rector of the parish, who are her chosen comrades and the companions of her sports. She professes contempt for all womanly occupations, and proves her superiority to the weaknesses of her sex by studied neglect of her dress and person. She is clever and outspoken, and Percival likes her immensely, and takes frank pleasure in her company. Suddenly the nature of the girl seems to undergo a transformation. She has made up her mind that she would find it nice to fall in love, and as she throws herself heart and soul into everything she undertakes, she straightway falls in love to some purpose. She misconstrues the friendly attentions of Percival, and fancies she understands him. In an evil hour for both, and with her accustomed candour, she reveals her passion in the assurance that it is reciprocated. Cool as he is by constitution, Percival is taken aback, and cannot conceal his grief and surprise. Lottie's quick discernment is not at fault for a moment; her disillusioning is absolute, and with her sensitive and emotional temperament she goes through agonies of anger and shame. She imagines that she reads horror and repulsion in his eyes, when he was only moved by compassion and remorse. Shrinking back into herself, she gives him no opening for explanation, had explanations on so delicate a subject been possible; thenceforth love changes to vindictive hate, and she marries that she may find the opportunity of revenging herself.

Meanwhile Percival has met with a mate who seems likely to assure him all happiness and prosperity. Sissy Langton is a beauty, and blessed with the sweetest of tempers. She adores her future husband. She has a comfortable fortune of her own, and is the adopted child of the wealthy uncle who has at his disposal the family acre which Percival ought to inherit as the next of kin. Had Sissy been true to her simple nature, or had Percival not carried his detestation of

* For *Percival*. By Margaret Vely. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1878.

the semblance of falsehood to a morbid extreme, the pair might have married and lived rich and happy. But, unhappily for both, Sissy remembers some high-flown sentiments of her lover, and lays herself out to play the part of a Judith on his behalf by practising a deceit by which he is to profit. Her unselfish sin finds her out immediately. She is too weak to bear the weight of the worrying secret; she breaks down, and is driven to make a full disclosure, and Percival renounces her then and there. After all, the ball of fortune again rolls to his feet, when he not only refuses to pick it up, but nobly kicks it away. He insists on his uncle destroying the will by which almost everything is left to him absolutely, because it dashes the hopes of the husband of Lottie who has always been his rival in the old man's affections. It is true that he comes to an understanding with his uncle that another and more equitable will shall be executed forthwith. In doing so he forgets to count with the chances of his most persistent and malevolent luck; but the reader is alive to the inevitable catastrophe. Of course the old man dies in the brief interval, and Percival, who has just been swindled of his private income, is left absolutely penniless. Then, in his stoical philosophy and resolute self-sacrifice, he shows the stuff of which he is made. He sets his face against receiving help from any quarter. He conceals the extremities of his bitter poverty. He resigns himself to accept a humble situation, and betakes himself to the work with uncomplaining dignity. From that point the story becomes generally melancholy; but there is some humour in the description of certain forms of his trials. For Percival, misanthropical and half-embittered as he is, still retains his powers of fascination, even when exerting them is as far as possible from his thoughts. His landlady's vulgar daughter makes him the object of a grand passion, and persecutes him with unremitting attentions. She flounces into his room in gorgeous false jewelry; she purchases a hideous blue vase and fills it with flaunting flowers which are supposed to be eloquent of sentiment. So they are, and his lodgings are becoming intolerable to him, when he is relieved by the arrival of a former acquaintance who has come down in the world like himself. Young Lisle causes Percival anxieties enough, but at least he earns his lively gratitude by smashing the vase by a happy "accident," and winning the fickle affections of the landlady's tender-hearted daughter. We should have supposed that the author meant to point the moral of a noble nature that had been false to itself, purified by a course of humiliation and trials, and invigorated by an unlooked-for return of prosperity. Thorne is exceptionally lucky, after all his mishaps, in meeting with a woman who is in every respect worthy of him. But when he marries the discreet and beautiful Miss Lisle, and consents to accept a fortune that has been left him by the unhappy Sissy Langton, he simply reverts to those listless habits from which he had been reclaimed by wholesome industry. Mr. and Mrs. Percival Thorne are in that state of life which is equally removed from poverty and riches; they have neither family nor social ambition; they take the world as it comes, and it comes to them pretty easily. We had fancied that the author was leading up to a different and a more satisfactory *dénouement*, but that is a matter on which she has a right to use her discretion, and after all she makes a pleasant ending to her story.

FENN'S BLIND MAN'S HOLIDAYS.*

AHASTY glance at these volumes would lead one to suppose that they afford but another example, among the many recently given us, of ephemeral writings which their authors vainly seek to raise to the level of permanent literature. They consist of about fifty short papers, all of which, as it appears, have been reprinted from popular magazines. They do not differ greatly from the ordinary run of light magazine articles. So far from being marked by any exceptional seriousness of purpose or originality of ideas, they appear to deal with very familiar subjects, and to treat these in a particularly light and homely fashion. Nor is there anything in the style of these light productions which would seem to lift them out of the region of ephemeral work. They are written in a pleasant chatty manner, peculiarly well adapted for the purpose for which they were originally intended.

We hardly think indeed that the author intends by republishing his papers to claim for them any high intrinsic merits. The interesting account of himself which he prefixes to his essays seems to suggest that he counts on the reader's interest in his personality in estimating the worth of his productions. And in this expectation he will not, we think, be disappointed. If, as he surmises, strangers and critics cannot regard his half-hour sketches with the same indulgence as is shown by the intimate friends whom he here addresses, they are at least capable of viewing them in the light of the striking personal revelations which he gives us. There are few people probably who will not read a story or an essay with something of the wish to approve when they learn that it is the work of one who, in the perpetual night of the blind, seeks to make up for the comparative emptiness of the external world by increased activity of thought and imagination. And Mr. Fenn's experience is exceptionally interesting. Up to the age of thirty-five he had enjoyed life more than most men, and a great part of the enjoyment came to him by way of the eye. He had

been a landscape painter, with a keen sense of all the varied charms of scenery, natural and artificial alike. Blindness to such a one must have been a terrible calamity. "I had to face the fact that I should be blind for life—that that life had been cut in two, as it were; all its old ways and habits must be abandoned, and there seemed nothing but a dark blank beyond." It was in this new desolate condition that he betook himself to the pen. He found that writing began to acquire the same fascination for him that painting had previously possessed. Read as the productions of one thus thrown in upon himself, Mr. Fenn's half-hour sketches can hardly fail to awaken a friendly interest. The descriptions of nature, the narratives of personal adventure in remote and perilous regions, visited only by the few who are curious to observe the more inaccessible features of nature, the sketches of the artist's Bohemian mode of life—these will be followed with a strange interest by those who know that they are the echoes of a life which is wholly a thing of the past.

The author's account of himself lends to these papers a yet higher kind of interest than that of mere kindly sympathy. Most of us know so little of the mental condition of the blind that a collection of papers like the present, touching so many and such various topics, has a curious psychological value. Our first thought on hearing of such a calamity is that it must be intolerable and crushing. Mr. Fenn's volumes will do very much to upset this idea. Not only his short autobiography, but the book as a whole, tells us of a thoroughly serene, and even joyous, condition of mind. After experiencing fourteen years of blindness, he is able to write, "By God's mercy the sum-total of my happiness is as great now as it ever was." The dominant key of the writings is one of quiet gladness. How, it may be asked, is such a preservation of cheerfulness possible? Something, and a good deal, must no doubt be allowed for sanguine temperament. It is not everybody who could find so much pleasure left in life after darkness had settled down on the sight. Mr. Fenn is clearly enough a man of more than ordinary hopefulness and energy of spirit. There are some people with so strong a native bent to enjoyment that they are able to find happiness in what others would regard as very meagre and inadequate sources. But, apart from this, it is a remarkable and consolatory fact that men do learn to adapt themselves to the most trying reverses in their circumstances. The loss which for weeks and months fills the mind with a sense of dreariness and pain becomes by and by a thing to be accepted and taken as a matter of course. It would look, too, as if the capacity for enjoyment finds new channels for itself when any considerable one is cut off. Mr. Fenn retains a keen sense of delight in the country, and suggests that the loss of sight may help to intensify the impressions derived through the other senses. The sounds and odours of the country, such as "the lowing of kine, theplash of waters, the long-sweeping whish of the seythe and flap of the flail," "the fragrance of the heather on the mountain side," afford him the keenest enjoyment. Indeed when he speaks of the charm of "the unequalled odour of the ocean breeze as it comes to you impregnated with the scent of the ripe corn," &c., he seems to suggest that the sense of smell, like that of touch and hearing, may be made more delicate by the loss of the highest organ. There is much too in Mr. Fenn's writings to support the conjecture that this loss, by making its subject more dependent on others, and so giving to them a greater interest for his attention, may materially strengthen the capacity for the social and sympathetic pleasures.

The most striking feature in this process of self-adaptation to new and adverse circumstances is that the blind are often able to make up for the absence of direct external vision by an increased power of internal sight—that is, the imaginative reconstruction of visual impressions. Mr. Fenn is a remarkable instance of this fact. His disease has evidently left the optic centres intact; added to this, the power of vivid reproduction of visual images, which is a characteristic of the artist-mind, has stood him in good stead after direct vision has become impossible:—

On long winter nights [he writes] I can still enjoy a party round a studio stove almost as keenly as ever. The picture on the easel from a well-remembered hand has but to be sketched out upon my palm, or my forefinger guided deftly over the composition and arrangement upon the canvas itself, with a *vivid* description of subject, colour, light, shade, and detail, and lo, with what I knew before, I have an image in my mind's eye vivid enough to give me infinite pleasure.

Mr. Fenn even boasts that since he became blind he has gone so far as to write notices of pictures. This may perhaps be done by way of satire on the knowledge displayed by many art critics; but it must, one fancies, be a rather perilous operation. Yet, on the whole, our author takes a sensible view of his condition; and is not so silly as to have us believe that the loss counts for nothing. "Can any one imagine that I would not, if I could, again behold the beauties of sky, sea, and land, sunlight, form, and colour?" With all the distinctness and completeness of the internal picture he remembers enough of the external reality to know that it greatly transcends this in intensity and value.

Turning now to the republished essays themselves, our attention is first of all drawn to the number of papers relating to artists' experience. A painter's chat about the mysteries of his craft or the peculiar habits of his fraternity is always entertaining, and Mr. Fenn takes us into his confidence in a thoroughly agreeable way. For example, the paper entitled "The Easel in the Air" will give to the lay mind a delightful impression of the landscape-painter's roving life, with its healthy surroundings, its adventures, and its little vexations—such as the midges, those "irrepressible, insignificant, contemptible, infinitesimal, infusorial, point-like atoms." Mr. Fenn points out how a growing demand for truth in landscape

* *Half-Hours of Blind Man's Holiday; or, Summer and Winter Sketches in Black and White.* By W. W. Fenn. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.

art has tended to modify the painter's mode of life. Instead of roving far and wide, dipping here and there, like a bee, for a mere taste of beauty, he has now to settle down in some place in order to paint a complete picture from nature. "There are now hundreds of landscapes of the most ambitious pretensions painted almost entirely on the spot; on the spot to which day after day, week after week, and sometimes month after month, you may see the diligent, persevering, nature-loving limner trudging from his quarters in the village or the farmhouse with the regularity of clockwork." We suspect, however, that the roving rapid sketcher is still a figure to be met with pretty frequently, only that one may have to look for him further away in regions which have only of late become accessible to him.

Our author has some sensible things to say about the social and economic aspects of art. He feels the influences which tend to debase art, even though he does not adopt the severe denunciatory manner of Mr. Ruskin. In a paper headed "Painting and Puffing" he makes some astounding disclosures respecting the methods by which some artists seek nowadays to reach popularity. According to our author, the artist has no chance of success apart from the dealer, who is a sort of big bully, with a power of controlling public opinion through the press which at first seems supernatural, but which is found to resolve itself into the ability to provide good dinners for the art-critics. In these circumstances the sum and substance of artistic wisdom is well expressed by Mr. Fenn's imaginary dealer in the words:—"In this world you can do nothing without fair play; therefore the simplest, easiest, and in the long run cheapest method to secure it is to pay for it." We can hardly suppose that this is meant as a sober statement of the actual condition of things. We venture to affirm at least that all art-critics are not of the venal sort here described. And, so far as it is true, we are disposed to censure the artists themselves for supinely submitting to so humiliating a position. Mr. Fenn is himself a member of the fraternity, and very naturally writes of them in a tone of condolence and sympathy; yet we think there is room for a very different tone if one-half of what is here averred is correct. The lay reader will certainly think that something might be done to lessen the evils here complained of by means of co-operation among painters, aided by the influence of those whose reputation makes them independent of extraneous support. In most cases, however, our author, though taking up the cause of the painters, seems to us to be thoroughly fair and sensible. These qualities are conspicuous in an interesting essay, "A Plea for the Painters," where the public is shown to be eminently unreasonable in complaining that the leading painters so often confine themselves to one class of subject and mode of treatment.

Next in point of interest to the papers which discuss strictly artistic subjects come those which are wholly or mainly descriptive of scenery. Such, for example, are the essays headed "London Landscape," "Summer in the Suburbs," "Leafless Trees," "Saunters in Schweitz." These are marked by a thoroughly artistic readiness to find beauty in the most familiar objects and scenes. Mr. Fenn, as he is not ashamed to own, is a true cockney, and he is further of a very contented disposition. And so he delights in the pictorial aspects of his capital. "No one (he says) who goes through the world with his eyes open, and is on the look-out for beauty, be it where it may, and is sensible to the charms of form, light and shade, and colour, can traverse the mighty Babylon without constantly being struck by its landscape-like capabilities." He finds Kew Gardens, Bushy Park, or Hampton Court "not bad make-shifts for the country," and thinks the South Downs may well content a Londoner who is unable to reach Scotland or Switzerland. We may not all be able to adopt Mr. Fenn's comfortable way of looking at things, but these papers will at least tend to counteract the effect of much of that over-faustidious complaint about the vulgarization of the country which is now in vogue.

We have left ourselves no space to speak of the other papers in these volumes, among which some of the stories deserve mention as exhibiting a delicate lyrical feeling and a finish of form which half remind one of a German *Novellette*. Mr. Fenn has also one or two practical papers bearing on the needs of the blind, which show how much room there is in our country for an improved method of instructing this unfortunate class of persons. Altogether these volumes are to be recommended as containing the best thoughts of one who, though not deeply versed in literature, and showing here and there a certain want of skill in style, has been an eager and yet kindly observer of nature and men, and whose irremediable calamity, while it has greatly increased his imaginative power, seems to have done little to lessen the range or exactness of his knowledge.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

III.

THIS Christmas will hardly bring a prettier or pleasanter book than *Child-Life in Japan* (M. Chaplin-Ayrton. Griffith and Farran). Miss Chaplin-Ayrton (we are led by some slight peculiarities of style to suppose that the author is a lady) enables English children to understand the happy carelessness of existence in a country where most things are made of paper, and there is scarcely any furniture "not to be touched." Here are Japanese boys snow-balling, top-spinning, walking on stilts, teasing turtles, playing at Kangura, building snow-men, and so forth. Since

European ideas, aniline dyes, frock-coats, and other benefits of civilization were introduced, the older Japanese have ceased to take much interest in games. There is less fun than there used to be; and we doubt if there are still professional teachers of football attached to the Court. The evil may bring its own remedy. The Japanese are a people who would take kindly to lawn-tennis, and they may soon send a champion to Wimbledon. The more puerile sports resemble those of European children. The children play "Blindman's-buff," "Puss-in-the-corner," "Knuckle-bones" (a favourite with the ancient Greeks), "Honey-pots," whatever that may be—it is described to us by an expert as something between "Family-coach" and family-prayers—games of soldiers, the "Tug of War," and so forth. The girls are partial to battledore and shuttlecock, because, says Professor Griffis cynically, "it gives abundant opportunity for the display of personal beauty, figure, and dress." There are several popular tales of a simple sort in this collection, and the history of "Brave Queen Jingo Kogo," who did want to fight A.D. 200. Her son, Prince Hachiman, is now the war god of Japan. In a curious picture Queen Jingo "sits smiling, babe on arm," as Mr. Tennyson says. The Japanese *Arion* is represented on p. 59. He is riding a dolphin, and has a very good seat. The story of "Uranai" (second-sight) proves that Japanese "mediums" retain an arrangement common among savage medicine-men. This pretty book has a singular cover, with emblems which the Japanese understand to denote a gift or present. People who give it away are likely to be tempted to buy a new copy to keep.

The *Grimm Fairy Library* (G. Routledge and Sons)—ten volumes in a neat box—is a modern fairy cabinet. Though every one knows these tales, they have an endless fascination, and we confess to having wasted or well spent some time over "The Singing Soaring Lark" and "The Frog Prince." This prince is the "paddo" of whom the Scotch lassie said "the puir beast canna mean onything serious." The frog's intentions, however, were absolutely in earnest. He meets us again in Zulu folk-lore, where he "becomes a great chief." No doubt he is "Bheki the sun-frog" who "squats on the water," and very likely the Zulus brought him from "the cradle of the Aryan race," who had never seen the sea. "The Singing Soaring Lark" is a Teutonic medley of "Beauty and the Beast," "The Black Bull o' Norroway," a bit from one of the stories of "The Three Calendars," a trifle from the *Mabinogion*—in short, a complete pic-nic of popular tales. The little volumes are neatly bound and cleverly illustrated. By the way, a new fairy library might be made from Albanian, Cyprian, Bushman, Japanese, and other collections. It would please children and be useful to the student.

British Rural Sports (Stonehenge. F. Warne and Co.)—This is the fourteenth edition of a compendious and indispensable work. The book is brought up to the latest level of scientific sport, and the results of "an important trial of the new Schultze gunpowder" are published.

Caledonia (W. P. Nimmo) is a book of verses selected from the works of Scott, Burns, and Ramsay, and illustrated by Mr. Macwhirter. There is a very bleak and desolate view of Smailholm tower, a charming sketch of Linlithgow by moonlight, a murky design of Coriskin, a capital representation of a shower in the Pass of Glencoe. From Burns's *Hallowe'en* the student learns that "by Jing" was a Scotch oath in the poet's time. Is the "o" the sign of the ablative? All the drawings are conscientious and original, a thing not universal in Christmas books.

Left to Themselves (Augusta Marryat. Warne and Co.)—Miss Marryat has some of Captain Marryat's talent for interesting her readers. The children to whom the *Settlers in Canada* is a mine of delight will not fail to be pleased with the adventures of John and George Lambert in their efforts to make a home fit for their mother in the wilds of Australia. The only drawback to all these stories is the extraordinary precocity and the success of the young emigrants, which might not fall to the lot of those who tried to follow in their footsteps; but of course a lengthy catalogue of failures would be far from entertaining. George's hair-breadth escapes on the way to reach the farm, the father's death, and John's loss in the plain are told well and naturally. The boys' blind confidence in their ugly and somewhat useless dog Pincher, and George's pride in his two little pigs, "Frangipani" and "Ess Bouquet," are humorously described, and the illustrations are, on the whole, fairly good.

Englefield Grange (Mrs. H. B. Paull. Warne and Co.)—Mrs. Paull's books are admirably suited to persons who have much leisure, strong domestic tastes, and who do not greatly care to form a distinct idea of the intricacies of her plots or the idiosyncrasies of her characters. In *Englefield Grange* the mind is hopelessly confused by the number of persons introduced into the story, which is spread over many years and two generations. What, for instance, is the use of giving an elaborate description of Lord Rivers and his family in the beginning of the book, when the only object of his existence is to provide a living for the hero at the end? Mrs. Paull has a certain amount of skill in the drawing of character, if she would only determine to concentrate her energies. The heroine's father, Edward Armstrong, is tolerably lifelike.

Cloverly (Mary Higham. Warne and Co.)—There is something agreeable, as a rule, in the bright, open-air life of many of these American stories. The people appear so peaceful and contented, and are happy on so little, that their readers feel peaceful and contented too. *Cloverly* is told by a young girl who, unlike most young girls that write their autobiographies, does not describe herself as ugly and disagreeable, and imply that she is lovely and fascinating.

The characters are all clearly defined and attractive, and Miss Higham has escaped the snare of making Flo seem insipid, when she only intended her to be simple and good. It is to be wished that many English story-writers managed these things better.

Harty the Wanderer (Fairleigh Owen. Griffith and Farran).—Harty Winwood's wish to see the world and become a sailor was fulfilled in a manner different from what he had expected. One day he played truant from school, and got lost in a wood, where he met with an accident. He was picked up by some sailors on their way to join their ship which lay anchored conveniently below and was bound for China. Then Harty's adventures begin, and very wonderful they are. Any one of them would have been sufficient to make a boy a hero for life. They include his being left on an island with savages, and a shipwreck besides. Of course he escapes from all perils, and is rescued from starvation in an open boat on the deep, by the ship containing his father and mother who are returning from India. After these experiences, Harty's craving for adventures seems satisfied, and so perhaps is that of the reader.

Master Bobby (Author of "Christina North." C. Kegan Paul and Co.)—Master Bobby is a little boy who, after the death of his mother, and the removal of his sister to an orphanage, has lived alone in a London court. In spite of his ignorance and the surrounding temptations, he has always, as he expresses it, kept himself respectable. At the opening of the story he is about thirteen. His attempts to dress himself well when he is going to see his sister, and her feelings of pride in her own superior cleverness and position, are described both humorously and pathetically, and the whole book, though religious in its tone and teaching, is quite free from the sentimentality that mars most works of this kind.

The Belgravia Annual (Chatto and Windus).—Long ago when Miss Braddon made her heroine fall in love with a groom, she had at least the grace to make the girl bitterly repent her folly. The heroine of Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Shocking Story" in this annual has no such claim on our sympathy. She is a young lady who lives in London with her uncle and aunt, people highly connected, and when her uncle can no longer ride with her, and engages a groom to accompany her, Miss Mine instantly falls in love with the latter, gives him every encouragement, and finally proposes to him. The language in which she relates the discovery of her feelings and her ultimate mode of proceeding, are unpleasant to the last degree, nor are matters at all improved by the fact—supposed to form her excuse—that the groom is the son of her aunt, Lady Catherine, and a French nobleman to whom she was engaged, and who died previous to her marriage with the General. Surely Mr. Wilkie Collins has presumed too far on public forbearance.

It is a pleasure to turn to Mr. Payn's lively little sketch called a *Medieval Mistake*. A young doctor is sent to visit a nobleman who lived after the manner of a Crusader, and strange things happen during his night's visit.

Lost (S. M. Bemrose and Sons).—The scene of this tale is laid near Derwentwater, and the person "lost" is a blind girl, who has just arrived from Smyrna with her sister on a visit to her cousins. Why the author should have taken all the trouble to drag the heroine such a distance when any one else might have got lost equally well it is impossible to conceive. It is also not easy to see how the lame boy Arthur could have played football at all, far less have found his crutches only "a little in the way." At Rugby football a crutch in a determined hand might be useful. It would likewise be satisfactory to prove to Mrs. Temple that a drawing-room is not necessarily a room "where there is no feeling of home, where fire-irons are for show and not for use, and where chairs are too smart to be sat on." The book is well intentioned and harmless, but not very lifelike or interesting.

The Baby's Bouquet (Illustrated by Walter Crane).—This is a welcome sequel to the *Baby's Opera*. The pictures are as quaint, the colouring as delicate, the songs as familiar. There are besides some French and German nursery rhymes, which children can be easily taught. Of these, "Sur le Pont d'Avignon," with the pictures of the men and women dancing in the short waists and high-crowned hats of the Republic, is particularly pretty. Subtle analysis might find deep meaning in this childish play.

A New Child's Play (E. V. B. Sampson Low and Co.).—E. V. B. has not been so successful as usual in her illustrations of nursery rhymes. In *A New Child's Play* she has exaggerated her ordinary faults. The children's heads are preternaturally big, and the colouring is coarse and crude. The designs of flowers are often pretty, as in the illustrations to "Little Miss Moffat" and "The Little Brown Owl"; but, as a whole, the book is never likely to become such a favourite with children as the *Story Without an End*.

Aunt Annette's Stories to Ada (Annette A. Salaman. Griffith and Farran).—These are four short tales, two of which are designed to impress upon quite little children the horrors of cruelty to animals. The tendency to make the drawings like photographs out of focus is observable in this as well as in most other illustrated books of the year. This is particularly noticeable in a short story called *Little Bass* (M. W. Sunday School Union), where the figures in the frontispiece are perfectly gigantic.

The Young Rebels (Ascott Hope. Sunday School Union) is a very spirited narrative of the battle of Lexington. It is supposed to be told by an eye-witness, a boy who ran away from school with his brother, and, while wandering through the forest, stumbled by accident on the place where the battle was being fought. The story is related in a straightforward manner and in simple language.

In *Chats about Animals* (Ward, Lock, and Co.) the illustrations are superior to the printing of the letterpress. The larger beasts are particularly good, but the artist fails grievously in his picture of a cat (p. 19), which is hardly recognizable.

Worth Doing (E. Brockmann. Warne) is the account of a family of children who tried for a whole year to conquer their faults, and partially succeeded. Their mischievous pranks are well described, and will amuse their little readers.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. COHEN has visited Germany since the late war, and after a long residence in that country he brings back the results of his observations.* He has studied the new Empire from the economic, moral, and social points of view; he justly believes that France can only benefit by thoroughly knowing the condition of her neighbour, and he is aware that such a study, in order to be beneficial, should be conducted with strict impartiality. Irritated as Frenchmen may naturally be by recent events, they cannot forget that Germany has always held and now more than ever holds a most important part in European affairs, nor can they refuse to acknowledge the consummate skill of her statesmen and the military talent of her generals. They will do well, therefore, quietly to examine the causes of this superiority, and to see whether useful lessons for the future can not be derived from the investigation. M. Cohen's volume is divided into three parts; he begins by describing the struggle for national unity since the tenth century; he then discusses the present state of the German Empire, and finally endeavours to appreciate the general character of its civilization. As a conclusion to the first of these sketches, he contends that Napoleon III.'s idea of favouring the aspirations both of Italy and of Germany towards unity was an excellent one, but that it was spoiled by the vacillating nature of the Emperor's policy and the incapacity of his advisers. As a general summary of the whole work, he tells us that German unity, founded on war, badly organized after victory, and threatened by external complications and revolutions at home, depends for its stability on the continuance of peace. M. Cohen maintains at the same time that the only way of healing the wounds which are still bleeding would be the neutralization of Alsace, the retrocession of Lorraine, and a commercial treaty between the two nations. It is a pity that his conclusions are so very remotely related to existing facts and probabilities.

A few years ago M. Havet published a work intended to show that Christianity was greatly indebted to Hellenism, so much so indeed that it might be considered as its expansion. Applying the same theory to Judaism, he now aims† at bringing out the relations between Hebrew thought and the religion of the Gospel. In endeavouring to deprive Christianity of all claims to originality, he has been led into assertions exceeding in boldness even those of MM. Renan and Reuss. One thing will strike M. Havet's readers as remarkable—namely, that a writer who deals especially with Judaism on the one hand, and who, on the other, talks so loudly about the critical method of the German school, should know neither Hebrew nor German. M. Havet frankly acknowledges in his preface that the volume he devoted to Greek civilization has been rather sharply criticized, even amongst non-orthodox scholars. The present one will, no doubt, be equally objected to; and, however able some parts of it may be, the chapter on Philo more especially, it would be difficult to find in the same number of pages an equal amount of theories and assertions unsupported by facts.

The Eastern question is no new one. It arose as soon as the Turks were settled in Europe, and Russia's first act as a European Power was to claim the right of interfering against the Sultan whenever a fitting opportunity should present itself. Both Prussia and Austria soon found themselves drawn into the difficulty on account of their geographical position, and as the former of these Powers had no direct interest in Eastern affairs, it was speedily led to form an alliance with the Czar. M. Albert Sorel's object in the volume which he has recently published‡ is to trace the origin of the problem which is now agitating the world both in Europe and in Asia; he aims at proving that the responsibility of substituting brute force for diplomacy and international law cannot fairly be ascribed to the French Revolution and to Napoleon I. Legitimate Governments had already set the example, and the ideal of justice was very cavalierly dealt with at St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin. There is much in M. Sorel's book that deserves attention.

M. Saint-René-Taillandier published three years ago an interesting summary of Baron de Bunsen's correspondence. He has now taken up for the same purpose the memoirs of Baron Stockmar §, and introduces them to French readers with elucidatory comments and explanations. More than seventy years have elapsed since Napoleon, lamenting the ignorance of Frenchmen on subjects connected with contemporary history, projected the creation of a new lectureship at the Collège de France for the express purpose of supplying this want. M. Saint-René-Taillandier is of opinion that the remedy has not yet been applied

* *Études sur l'empire d'Allemagne.* Par J. Cohen. Paris: Lévy.

† *Le christianisme et ses origines—le Judentum.* Par E. Havet. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *La question d'Orient au XVIII^e siècle, les origines de la triple alliance.* Par Albert Sorel. Paris: Plon.

§ *Le roi Léopold et la reine Victoria, récits d'histoire contemporaine.* Par Saint-René-Taillandier. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

widely enough, and that his compatriots know more about the Punic wars than about the time in which they live. He is further persuaded that the most attractive, if not the best, way of studying history is to consult the impressions of the confidential friends and advisers of leading political personages. Thus it is that, after having analysed the despatches of Baron Bunsen, he turns for a similar purpose to Baron Stockmar's memoirs.

The Pantagruel of Rabelais and Bonaventure Despérier's *Cymbalum mundi* have indirectly diminished the reputation of other writers who in the sixteenth century enriched French literature with works where originality of observation, humour, and satirical pungency are happily blended together. We may name as an instance Noël du Fail, Sieur de la Hérisseye, the author of the *Propos rustiques* and the *Balivernesies*, by profession a councillor in the Parliament of Rennes, and by disposition a keen observer of men and social life.* The *Bibliothèque d'un curieux*, published by M. Lemerre, would not have been complete without an edition of Du Fail's works. This first volume gives us the *Propos rustiques*; at some future time the *Balivernesies* may be expected. If we were to attempt a history of literary forgeries in France, we might easily go back to the sixteenth century, and show cause why *L'Isle sonnante* should not be ascribed to Rabelais. In like manner, the Sieur de la Hérisseye has been made responsible for a good deal which he never wrote; and M. Arthur de la Borderie, in preparing the excellent edition now before us, has had first to clear the ground of much rubbish. The *Propos rustiques* appeared originally in 1547, and the present editor was fortunate in gaining access to the little volume which bears the imprint of Jean de Tourne, bookseller at Lyons. We have thus the work as it first appeared, increased to double its size by prefaces, introductions, notes, biographical details, various readings, &c. We recommend all who wish to become acquainted with life as it was three centuries ago in the rural districts of France to study Léon Ladulif; for Noël du Fail, following the general custom, had adopted a pseudonym, just as Rabelais was equally well known by the anagram Alcofribus Nasier, and Bonaventure Despérier under the designation of Thomas Duclevier.

M. Fouillée's reputation as a metaphysical writer is well known. We noticed his volume on liberty and determinism when it first appeared; the present one †, which treats of the same questions from a different point of view, contains much that will repay attention.

The new work of the Duke of Broglie ‡ is of great interest for the history not only of France, but of England also, about the close of the last century; some parts of it had already appeared in the *Correspondant* and in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, but it is only now that we can form an adequate idea of its scope and character. It was already known that Louis XV., in addition to the official communications which his Ministers and himself exchanged with French ambassadors and chargés d'affaires abroad, carried on a secret correspondence with diplomatic agents whose despatches and reports never went beyond His Majesty's private study. What, however, was that secret correspondence—that *affaire secrète*, or *secret du Roi*, as it was called? What was its purpose and its character? Who were the persons honoured with the King's confidence? And how far did these clandestine communications influence European politics? On these points no information was accessible, and even the late M. Bouteaic, in the two interesting volumes he published twelve years ago under the title *Correspondance secrète inédite de Louis XV. sur la politique étrangère avec le comte de Broglie*, only excited the curiosity of historical students without satisfying it, for the simple reason that he had not at his disposal the really important documents which the title of his work seemed to announce. He had, in fact, merely consulted the treasures of the French Record Office, whereas the Duke of Broglie has been able to carry on his investigations both at the Foreign Office and at the War Office; and thus his researches complete those of M. Bouteaic. We cannot of course give here more than the faintest idea of a publication which deserves minute and attentive examination; we will only say that the epoch covered by the correspondence extends from 1752 to 1774, thus including some of the most noteworthy events of the last century—the partition of Poland, for instance, the American war, and the revolution in Sweden. Amongst the numerous *dramatis personæ* who appear on the scene we find Beaumarchais, the famous Chevalier d'Éon, Dumouriez, and a host of subaltern characters, half spies, half diplomats, always ready to fish in troubled waters, and having very little reputation to lose. Louis XV. here, as always, exhibits, together with an accurate knowledge of politics and a certain sense of the dignity of his country, the most deplorable apathy and the most wretched selfishness. The Count and the Abbé de Broglie, who have the lion's share in the correspondence, stand out in brilliant relief as models of statesmanship and high principle in days when these qualities were not very common.

M. Imbert de Saint-Amand has added a fourth volume to those he had previously given us on the Court of Versailles; the title, *Les beaux jours de Marie Antoinette* §, sufficiently defines the period here treated of. We are taken as far as the death of

* *Les propos rustiques de Noël du Fail, texte original de 1547.* Avec introduction, etc., par A. de la Borderie. Paris: Lemerre.

† *L'idée moderne du droit en Allemagne, en Angleterre et en France.* Par A. Fouillée. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Le secret du Roi.* Par le duc de Broglie, de l'Académie française. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Les beaux jours de Marie Antoinette.* Par Imbert de Saint-Amand. Paris: Dentu.

Maria Therese, and the author shrinks from the sad task of describing the last years of a reign which had so prosperously begun. M. Joubert de Saint-Amand does not conceal his sympathies for the *ancien régime*, and he sketches with much vigour the glories of Versailles and Trianon from 1774 to 1780, introducing us to the friends and intimates of the Queen, Lauzun and Fersen, Mme. de Polignac and the Princess de Lamballe, Bezenval and the Prince de Ligne. The volume has no pretensions whatever either to depth of research or to political importance; but it is well written and sufficiently interesting.

We have had English and French views of the Eastern question; two thick octavo volumes now give us the Russian version of the case as stated by a "retired diplomatist."* The author gives us first a retrospective sketch of European policy since the peace of 1815; he then describes the Crimean war from his own point of view, supporting his apology for Russia by constant references to State papers and other official documents. These two volumes are an important contribution to the history of the campaign, and should be read in conjunction with the works of Mr. Kinglake and M. Camille Rousset. We are informed that the *Étude* has been in type for the last four years, but that its publication was postponed for reasons independent of the editor's will.

M. Leroux has just added to his Elzevirian Oriental Library a small volume of Malay legends †, well known in the East under the title of *Selalat-es-Selatin* (Arabic), or *Sedjacat Malayon* (Malay), the corresponding English designation being, we believe, "The Genealogy of the Sultans." The late M. Dulaquier had about thirty years ago printed the first chapters of the original, and the present version is the first which has ever been attempted. M. Devic, the translator, announces a second volume, in which he purposed to describe the work itself; it seems, in the meanwhile, to be rather a fiction than a *bona fide* chronicle, if at least we may believe the French scholar, who applies to it in his preface Aristotle's saying to the effect that romance is better than history.

The Life of Leo XIII. by the Abbé Vidieu ‡ does not call for any detailed notice here; it contains a number of biographical particulars interspersed with extracts from the Pope's sermons, pastoral letters, and other writings. The author endeavours to show that the new head of the Roman Catholic Church is equal to the heavy task imposed upon him, and that the first acts of his government are of excellent omen for the future.

The fifth volume of the *registres-journaux* of Pierre de L'Estoile § has just been published, and equals in interest the preceding ones. It begins with the murder of Henry III., and takes us as far as the year 1593, one of the most remarkable periods in the history of France. We see the desperate efforts of the *Ligue* and the Spanish party to continue the civil war and to maintain Ultramontanism as the leading principle of French politics. The Duchess of Montpensier and the Duke of Mayence are still resolute in their opposition to the King of Navarre; the "Sixteen" rule in Paris; and the violent sermons of Boucher, Commœt, Rose, and Guarinus keep up the irritation of the *bourgeoisie* at fever-heat. In the meanwhile the "Béarnais," amidst many discouragements and drawbacks, makes steady progress towards the recovery of the kingdom. The battle of Arques is fought, Chartres surrenders, and Paris is reduced to all the horrors of a siege. It would be impossible to give here the slightest notion of the importance of Pierre de L'Estoile's *registres-journaux* for the history of the last decade of the sixteenth century. It is a perfect storehouse of anecdotes, portraits, and sketches of every description. The only writers that can be compared to him are Pepys in England and Suetonius for Roman history. He forms the connecting link, so to speak, between Brantôme and Tallemant des Réaux.

M. Marion has published a remarkably good biographical sketch of Locke ||, who is still but little known in France. Many persons look upon the author of the *Essay on the Human Understanding* as a mere dissident from Cartesianism, who modified in a false direction the views of the French philosopher; others acknowledge that both Hobbes and Bacon had a large share in shaping Locke's metaphysical views; whilst a few sounder critics see in him an original thinker. Still even the best-informed amongst our neighbours cannot be said to have more than a very imperfect knowledge of the founder of modern sensationalism, since they are for the most part unacquainted with the biographical works published by Lord King, and more recently by Mr. Fox Bourne. It has been M. Marion's endeavour to supply the deficiency, and he has on the whole succeeded, although he is sometimes disposed to exaggerate the merits of Locke and to undervalue those of his rivals belonging to the idealistic school.

On the occasion of the late International Exhibition the French Government invited to Paris some of the teachers in the elementary schools, and a series of lectures or addresses were given to them at the Sorbonne. These are now collected in a small volume ¶, containing short practical essays on the

* *Étude diplomatique sur la guerre de Crimée.* Par un ancien Diplomate. St. Petersburg and London: Sampson Low & Co.

† *Légendes et traditions historiques de l'Archipel Indien, traduites pour la première fois du Malais en Français.* Par L. M. Devic. Paris: Leroux.

‡ *Le Pape Léon XIII.; sa vie, son avenir, ses écrits.* Par l'Abbé Vidieu. Paris: Plon.

§ *Mémoires-journaux de Pierre de L'Estoile.* Tome V. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

|| *Locke, sa vie et son œuvre, d'après des documents nouveaux.* Par Henri Marion. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

¶ *Conférences pédagogiques faites aux instituteurs primaires.* Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

[December 7, 1878.]

following topics:—Geography, grammar, history, the formation of pedagogic libraries, physics and natural science, the French language, hygiene, vocal music, and chemistry. Speeches delivered by M. Bardoux, Minister of Public Instruction, and M. Casimir Périer, Under-Secretary of State, are also inserted.

M. Eugène Fallex has published in M. Lemerre's educational collection an anthology from the Latin poets.* It contains choice selections translated into French, accompanied by the original text and preceded by short biographical notices. It is obviously designed for readers who cannot devote any time to serious classical studies, but who still wish to know something about the great authors of Latin antiquity.

If any one has a right to discourse about travels it is certainly M. Jules Verne. Leaving, for the present, the domains of fiction, he attempts, with the aid of M. Moral, to relate the lives and adventures of the chief geographical discoverers from the remotest times.† An account of Hanno's expedition begins the first chapter, the last being given to Hudson and Baffin. We are still very far, as our readers will see, from Sir Samuel Baker, Dr. Livingstone, and Mr. Stanley; but no doubt we shall come to them in due course. Meanwhile we can safely say that M. Verne has managed to throw a great deal of interest upon a subject which has often been treated. His two volumes are well written in a popular style, and will no doubt be welcomed by a large number of readers.

We have already mentioned one or two works on education, but the list is not exhausted; astronomy, hydrography, and geology form the subjects of three small pamphlets issued by M. Germer-Bailliére.‡ M. Ernest Legouvé gives some useful and practical directions on the art of reading aloud §, which is certainly as much neglected in France as it is on this side of the Channel.

The novels and poetry lately published are of average merit. In *Berthe Sigelin* || M. Edouard Cadol aims at demonstrating the necessity of divorce in the present state of society. The well-known phrase, *Tue-la!* is one way of settling matrimonial difficulties; would it not be, asks, be better to untie the knot than to sever it violently? This sort of reasoning is wonderfully easy. The author (Mme. Gustave Fould) of *Le clou au couvent*||, instead of unfastening a knot, wishes, on the contrary, to make it faster than it was before, and to reunite three classes of people who since 1793 have been taught to suspect and dislike one another; we mean the (Roman) Church, the noblesse, and the people. The tale is prettily written and interesting.

* *Anthologie des poètes Latins, avec la traduction en Français.* Par E. Fallex. Paris: Lemerre.

† *Histoire des grands voyages et des grands voyageurs.* Par Jules Verne. Paris: Hetzel.

‡ *Seccchi, Wolf, et Biot—le soleil et les étoiles.* Blerzy—torrents, fleuves, et canaux de la France. Brothier—*histoire de la terre.* Paris: Germer-Bailliére.

§ *Petit traité de lecture à haute voix.* Par Ernest Legouvé. Paris: Hetzel.

|| *Berthe Sigelin.* Par Edouard Cadol. Paris: Lévy.

|| *Le clou au couvent.* Par Gustave Haller. Paris: Lévy.

MR. CHILDERS writes to us, with reference to a passage in his speech at Pontefract commented upon in last week's SATURDAY REVIEW, that it was not his intention to "hold up to ridicule a Memorandum by Sir Bartle Frere as 'the Chauvinism of a second-rate Indian official.'" Mr. CHILDERS "certainly quoted an expression in Sir Bartle Frere's Memorandum, and also spoke of second-rate Indian officials' Chauvinism; but it never entered his mind to designate Sir Bartle Frere as a second-rate official." ... CHILDERS adds, "If the excellent and terse report in the Times of what I said at Pontefract has given to any friend of Sir Bartle Frere the impression that such was my intention, I can only express my sincere regret that I did not more fully explain my meaning."

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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